

AUG 10 1883  
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CITY OF WASHINGTON

# THE SULLIVAN-SLADE CONTEST.

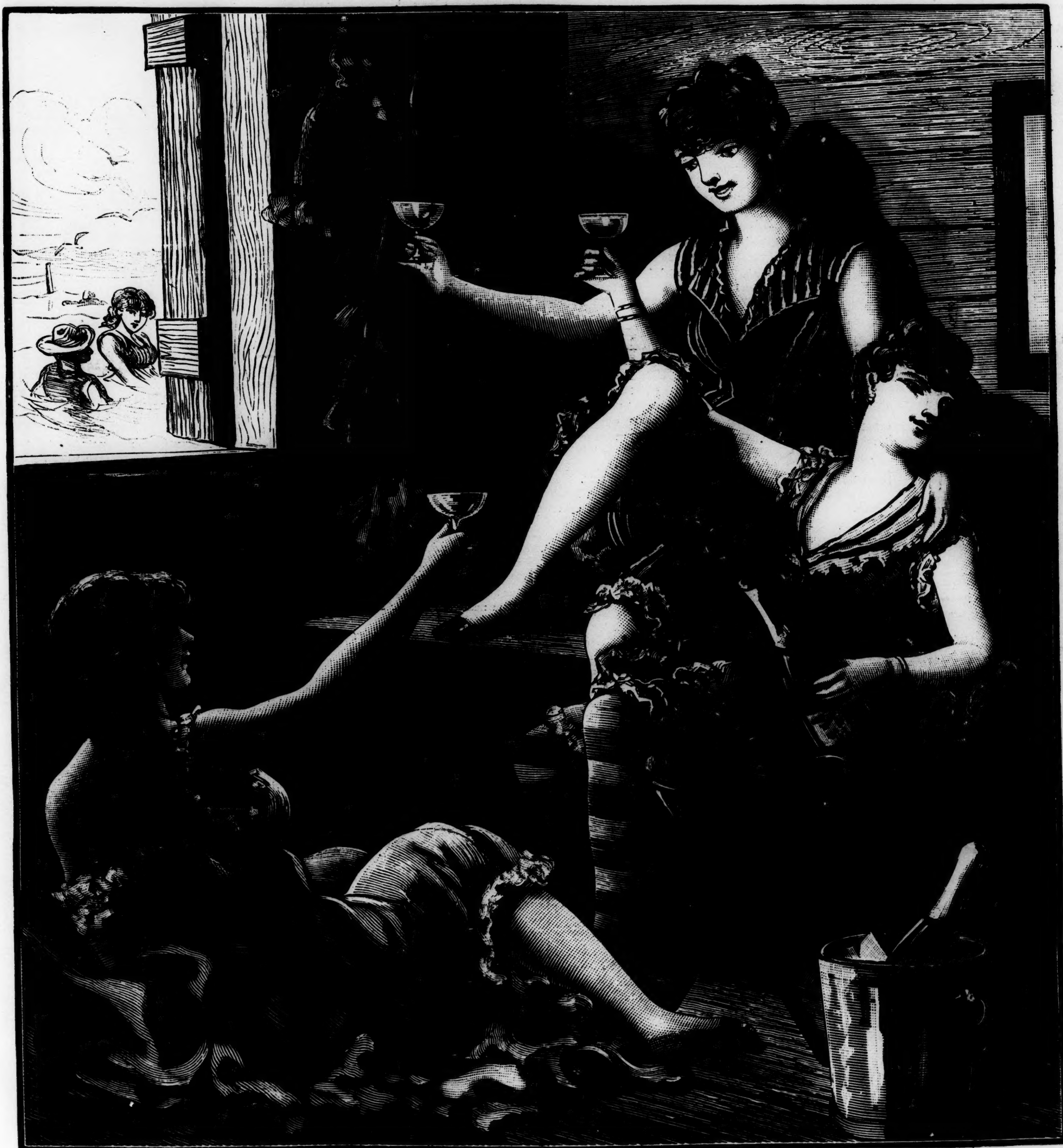
## THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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COUNTERACTING THE CHILL.

HOW A SALT WATER BATH CAN BE MADE DOUBLY PLEASANT AND THE SYSTEM GUARDED AGAINST COLDS AND CONSEQUENT CONSUMPTIONS.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
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FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.  
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"Oh, h—!" is what they say in Naples when they look at Vesuvius now.

A MAN named Mace, up in Harlem, advertises that he has changed his name to Smith. No wonder.

Boston is coming up in the scale of civilization. A "Police Gazette" sporting club has been organized there.

Nobody doubted that Carey would die the death of a dog, but it isn't unpleasant to find that he met his fate so soon.

SPURGEON is down with the gout. We always thought such strong religion as his was bound to break out somewhere.

As usual, we were fully represented at the Sullivan-Slade show by artists and reporters. It's wonderful how we do it, but we do.

Our Religious Editor has been to a church picnic. He says he will try Billy McGlory's when he wants a decent, quiet time again.

Some of the California papers express the opinion that they don't think the Muldoon-Bibby wrestling quite square. Is it possible?

WHAT's in a name, indeed? Bishop Littlejohn is so fat that he has to go through some of the doors in the Garden City Cathedral sideways.

NUGENT, the highwayman, expressed great fear at the chance of his picture's getting into the POLICE GAZETTE. He knew what such publicity means.

THE wife of Larkin, the baseball player, accuses him of batting her too frequently and freely. Probably he was only keeping himself in practice, though.

A MAN named Gabel has stabbed himself with a fork. As Gabel is the German for fork, the gentleman's mode of death will be conceded to have been appropriate.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT is said to be dreadfully afraid of the cholera. There are some guests who can walk into your palace without an invitation, eh, William?

THERE was an earthquake in California on the day Denis Kearney left for home. Poor California was evidently shuddering at the prospect of another dose of him.

THE Jews are blowing over the fact that the best chess players belong to the hook nosed breed. Chess is a crooked game, so it is no wonder the sheeny takes the cake at it.

THOSE poor West Point cadets are awful martyrs, to believe their own stories. But if they object to being tyrannized themselves, why don't they stop tyrannizing one another?

OUR society reporter announces that toe rings are the newest fashion in high life. Next winter we may expect to find it fashionable to go barefoot in order to exhibit the new style of jewelry.

# EXTRA!

## HURRAH FOR SULLIVAN

Jem Mace's Maori His Latest Victim.

THE GREATEST GLOVE CONTEST  
EVER FOUGHT IN AMERICA.

SLADE COMPLETELY VANQUISHED--  
KNOCKED OUT IN THREE  
ROUNDS.

A FIGHT WORTH SEEING

15,000 People Present--Immense  
Excitement.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

The long looked for glove contest between Herbert A. Slade, the Maori, and John L. Sullivan, the phenomenon pugilist of the nineteenth century, was decided August 6, at Madison Square Garden. Ever since James Wakely, on behalf of Sullivan and Jem Mace on behalf of Slade, completed arrangements for these rival gladiators to box, there has been great interest manifested. It must be remembered that Slade had never met any pugilist within the orthodox 24-foot arena, either according to London prize ring or POLICE GAZETTE rules. He had been brought to this country by Jem Mace, when Richard K. Fox sent to New Zealand for the latter to meet Sullivan. On Mace's arrival with Slade at San Francisco, Mace pronounced him a wonder, and the Maori was so considered, until in a boxing match with Robinson on the Pacific slope he was knocked around like a rubber ball, and it was the universal opinion of all that witnessed the set-to that Robinson had decidedly the best of the bout. On Mace's arrival in New York from San Francisco with Slade, he denied that Robinson had bested his *protège*, and by earnest entreaties and constant persuasion, influenced the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE to issue a challenge on behalf of Slade to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of America. Richard K. Fox issued the *defi*, which was as every challenge issued by him, backed up with \$2,500. Slade had not up to this time met any boxer in this country but Robinson, and when Richard K. Fox (who was anxious to see Slade tried) proposed that he should box Sullivan four three-minute rounds Mace refused to allow him to do so, claiming that Slade could whip Sullivan, and that if the Maori had the best of an encounter with gloves that Sullivan would not arrange a match to box with bare knuckles. Upon hearing Mace's decision Mr. Fox refused to back Slade, and Mace and his Maori were set adrift by the POLICE GAZETTE. Mace and Slade, after giving an exhibition at Troy, in which Coburn bested Slade, and one in this city, in which Coburn was in "harness," arranged a match with Charley Mitchell to fight for \$5,000 in September. Mace then went to England with Slade, and during their absence wires were laid to bring about the boxing match that took place on the evening of August 6.

On Mace and Slade's return Mr. Al. Smith and James Wakely, Sullivan's backer and manager, held a conference with Jem Mace and Hen Rice, and an agreement was made for a boxing match of four three-minute rounds, according to POLICE GAZETTE rules, the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. Sullivan then went into training at Scituate, Mass., under the mentorship of Pete McCoy, one of his old bodyguards at New Orleans when he fought Paddy Ryan, and Joe Goss, the hero of many a hard fought battle, both in England and in this country. Under the able handling of these two experts Sullivan reduced his avoirdupois and hardened his muscles. By hard work, running, walking, and the frequent use of two-pound dumbbells, he reduced his weight from 215 to about 193 pounds. Slade went into training at Fort Hamilton, under the charge of Jack Brighton, the ex-champion pedestrian of England, who Mace brought from England expressly to train his *protège*. Slade's training consisted principally of running, walking, swinging dumbbells and boxing with Mace. Slade soon reduced his weight from 215 pounds to 195 pounds. Great interest has been manifested in the contest, and Sullivan's admirers not only backed him heavily to win, but accepted odds that Slade would not stand up for three rounds. Mace was equally confident that Slade would pass through the ordeal, and face the champion's battery of

blows for the sixteen minutes, which includes a rest of four minutes. It is due to the unlimited to state that according to the POLICE GAZETTE rules each round lasts three minutes—that is, the pugilists are to fight three minutes without cessation, and at the end of the specified time they rest for one minute. According to this agreement Slade had to face the champion for twelve minutes, which all will acknowledge a very trying test, when it is remembered that Sullivan has stopped or knocked out every pugilist he ever stood in front of, with the exception of Tag, Wilson and Charley Mitchell, and he had decidedly the best of both contests. The two pugilists named only escaped being knocked out. Knocking a pugilist out or stopping him from being able to fight any longer is a hard task, and until Billy Madden first introduced this novel style when he brought Sullivan before the sporting public it was unknown. Sullivan proved a wonder at this new mode of fighting, and East, West, North and South he proved his prowess by winning every contest except with the two exceptions referred to above. Many supposed that Slade was just as scientific as Sullivan, judging from the fact that Mace, who is, without question, the most scientific pugilist that ever put on a boxing glove, was his teacher. The only doubt was the question of Slade's pluck. He had never been put into the crucible or stood in front of a pugilist his height and weight who could try him. The betting was \$100 to \$10 on the champion. Both pugilists arrived in town on the 6th inst. The champion came on from Boston, with Patsy Sheppard, P. J. Campbell, John Moran, Mike Gillespie, P. J. Connolly and Mike Gleason.

The champion looked as slick as a whistle. He was in better condition than when we witnessed him on Feb. 7, 1832, with a huge kid plaster round his loins, when he faced Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, and beat him in 9 rounds lasting 11 min. After the champion's arrival he was visited by a host of sporting men, and he appeared confident he would win. He said:

"I am in good fix, and I hope if I down this feller that there will be no talk of my not having taken a man of my size. Slade is taller and heavier than I am, and if he is any good he should win. That he cannot do, nor any man in the world."

On the 8th of August as on the day of the contest large delegations of sporting men journeyed to New York to witness the contest. All the principal cities in the country were represented. The managers had paid \$1,000 for the use of the garden, but they scooped in twice that amount before the doors were opened by the sale of tickets in advance. All the \$25 boxes were sold before the 4th inst., and a large number of reserved seats had also been disposed of. Many of the sporting men from Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Bridgeport, New Haven, Detroit, Albany, Troy and Rochester, called on Richard K. Fox to know if the match was genuine, and to get his opinion of Slade. His reply was Sullivan will settle that question to night, and knock Slade out certain.

At 6:30 P.M. the doors of Madison Square Garden were opened and a mass of humanity surged into the building, which it is said will hold 12,000. Capt. Alexander Williams, with 100 policemen had charge of the building, and did capital service. In less than one hour the garden was packed. It is no use mentioning names of sporting men present as it would fill the POLICE GAZETTE, but it is sufficient to say that every prominent sporting man within a radius of 500 miles of New York city was on hand, and the crowd exceeded in numbers the affair in which Wilson and Sullivan met.

Among the crowd we saw Charley Norton, Arthur Chambers, Billy Edwards, the POLICE GAZETTE's Unknown, James Keenan, Joe Coburn, Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, and a host of the lights of the sporting world.

About half-past nine the rival champions appeared in the Garden, and all was excitement. Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly had just brought down the house by their sensational boxing, when it was announced that the champions were preparing for the fray. Intense excitement then prevailed, and there was a rush for the stage. A few minutes later Sullivan, in full ring costume, emerged from the box office, followed by Joe Goss, Pete McCoy, Patsy Sheppard and Mike Cleary, Al Smith, Billy Mahoney, Barney Aaron, and a host of Hubbites.

Immense cheers greeted the champion as he mounted the stage and occupied a chair in the north-east corner. A few minutes later the fifteen thousand excited spectators watched the champion with keen eyes, and offered bets of \$100 to \$40 that the contest would not last six minutes. As Sullivan stood up and displayed his herculean form immense cheers greeted the champion. A few seconds later the burly form of Slade, towering over the heads of the crowd, could be seen pushing his way through the excited mass. He was followed by Jack Brighton, Jem Mace, and a host of sporting men. He also received a loud ovation. After the pugilists entered the ring both received a grand reception. While the seconds were looking after their men the gloves were examined and pronounced not hard gloves.

All being ready it was announced by Frank Whittaker, the M. C., that Mr. Barney Aaron would be the referee. The pugilists then prepared for the contest. Slade sat in the south-east corner of the ring, and he resembled a big, huge mummy in front of the trained

champion. Frank Whittaker then stated that the referee desired him to state that there should be no wrestling, and that when he ordered them to break they should do so. A few minutes later Barney Aaron called time, and the rival gladiators stood up and faced each other. Sullivan looked wicked and defiant, while Slade appeared nervous and excited. After a little sparring Slade led and was short, and then Sullivan being eager and anxious to land with his right on Slade's "point" (the neck), let go his left, which landed on Slade's right jaw. Slade countered, but his blows lacked steam, and Sullivan rushed in and delivered right and left on the Maori, and the manner the champion sounded his mawleys on Slade's body and face resembled a drummer beating a big drum. Slade rushed at Sullivan twice and landed once on the mark, but the next instant Sullivan let go his dangerous left with full force and he landed with terrific effect on Slade's left jaw, and knocked him down. It was a tremendous blow, and thrillers of applause greeted the champion. Slade was lifted to his feet and renewed the round. Sullivan had found out Slade's soft spot, and he went into him right and left, driving the Maori before him until he forced him to the ropes in the south-west corner, when he knocked Slade off the stage. Slade fell on his hands and knees, and lay there "like a log." He was assisted on the stage, and as the time had elapsed, the referee called a stop. It was evident that the victory was a sure thing for the champion, for Slade was fatigued, and it was plain that he could not stand the terrific blows of the champion. Sullivan sat on his chair smiling, while Slade's eyes were discolored, and he was blowing like a blacksmith's bellows. On time being called there was the wildest excitement as the pugilists faced each other. Slade was nervous and defeat was pictured on his countenance. On the other hand "the great Sullivan" was eager and confident that he would win, and nearly all of the large audience were anxious that he should do so. Slade did not have many supporters. He did not show the pluck and nerve that Mitchell had displayed when he faced the American champion. No sooner had the referee called time than Sullivan quickly left his corner and was at the mark. He did not wait for Slade to lead, but let drive his left, which landed on Slade's right optic, and followed up the advantage by letting drive his right on Slade's jaw, which sent the Maori to the floor. A volcano of cheers greeted Sullivan's achievement. Slade was assisted to his feet, but he was no sooner up than the champion rushed at him, delivering right and left with terrific force on Slade's body and head. He fought Slade to the ropes, and continued to force the fighting. Slade turned his back and ran, and many shouted, "He is not game!" "See, he runs away." Sullivan followed him and while Slade had his back turned Sullivan hit him left and right, and knocked him head foremost through the ropes off the stage. Only two minutes had elapsed, and when Slade was again assisted to the stage Sullivan lost no time, but again let go right and left, his ledge hammer blows landing on the Maori's body. Slade tried to fight, but was not able. He was a "dummy" in front of the champion, and could not strike a blow hard enough to "knock a hole in a pound of butter." Slade finding he could not punish Sullivan tried to close, but Sullivan would not have this style of fighting, as it is barred in the POLICE GAZETTE rules. After three attempts of Slade to wrestle Sullivan broke ground and then made a feint with the left, and a well delivered right hand swinging blow knocked him clean off his pins, which ended the round.

Both pugilists retired to the corners, and those who had bet that Sullivan would whip Slade in two rounds lost. As the Maori sat in his corner he was puffing like a porpoise, and he looked jaded and tired. The one minute rest soon passed by, and Barney Aaron called time for the third round.

The pugilists had been fighting eight minutes, or six minutes deducting the two minutes rest. Slade could hardly stand on his feet, his gloves were covered with blood from Sullivan's nose, while he (Slade) was bleeding from his right thigh, having injured it on being knocked off the stage. In this round Slade's left hand lowered, and it was all he could do to keep his right hand up. Sullivan stood erect and did not. Slade tried to lead with his left, but the blow fell short. Sullivan then went at his antagonist like a tiger at his prey. He broke down Slade's guard, and fought him all over the stage, until he got him against the ropes, then with a swinging steam hammer blow which landed like a thunderbolt on Slade's left ear, he knocked him down. Slade fell like an ox knocked down with a butcher's axe, and he lay bleeding from the ear, mouth and nose, beaten and helpless. Slade was assisted to his feet, but he could not stand steady, he was dragged to his chair, and he sunk into it unable to fight any longer. Cheers after cheers went up for Sullivan, for he had added another victim to his list of many victories.

Captain Williams knew Slade was unable to defend himself, and he ordered the gloves taken off and the battle stopped.

Barney Aaron, the referee, decided Sullivan the winner. The crowd cheered and the long looked for meeting ended. The battle demonstrated that Slade never will make a second class pugilist. He is shoulder bound, lacks the power and style of hitting so necessary to make a first class pugilist. He turned out to be the easiest "mark" the champion has yet had in this new style of fighting, and from the form displayed by Charley Mitchell, when he faced Sullivan, we should imagine that Slade has not a three to one chance against Mitchell, in his coming battle. Sullivan showed great form and continues on the improving scale. It was estimated that the receipts were over \$15,000.



## STAGE WHISPERS.

## The Hates and Loves, the Frolics and Short-Comings of our Actors.

## Some Gossip about the Big Stars, the Small Satellites, and the Greasy Hangers-on of the Stage.

SINCE Frank Mordaunt found out what a dude's first weighs he is said to take his hat off and say "thank you," even to the beany waiter who hands him his check.

PEARL EYTINGE is like a well-smoked meerschaum pipe. She's getting a higher color every day of her life. In another month she'll be able to give Cazauban fifty points in the game.

"A CITIZEN" wants to know how his wife and daughter can get through Union square without being insulted. By going around by way of Eighth or Twenty-third street is the only plan we can suggest.

BRACE HEMING, alias Jack Harkaway, is reported at work on a couple of melodramas in London. He had better leave them alone. Brace is too white a man and too honest a one to be trusted alone with the dirty gang he will have to deal with.

HARRY BASCOMB feels very bitter against the Forrest Home because it won't admit him as an inmate. What a fool Bascomb must be. The poor, wretched, despised actor is far too cheap and vile company for the aristocratic and exclusive McAdams.

LITTLE LUCCA is to return to America, so they say. She is the loudest and naughtiest varlet who ever went in, by mistake, for grand instead of comic opera. She is quite as wanton as Almee, and would have played the latter's parts twice as well as she did.

SOTHERN'S elder son, Lytton, is on his way to this country. He is chiefly remarkable as the inheritor, not of his father's brains, but of his father's mistress, who, by the way, was one of the neglected wives of that delightful virtuoso, Frederick Blister, Esq.

JOHN MCUTLOUGH is recovering. His actions are less eccentric than they were a few months ago, and his speech isn't anything like as thick as it has been. With proper care there is no reason why at his age he should not completely recover. Let us hope he will.

STUART ROBSON professes to have been much surprised by a paragraph in an English newspaper, which accused him of being the son of Billy Crane. Surely, Robson must know that he is so often not himself that it is quite natural to mistake him for somebody else.

OLD MAPLESTEIN, whose other alias is Maple-son, says he is coming here after all. This is bad news for the parasites and sycophants lately in his employ, who telegraphed their offers of service to Abbey when it was first announced that the gallant kunkel wasn't coming back again.

MILTON NOBLES is said to be a son of the dominie who promised to commit suicide, but at the last moment weakened. It is to be hoped that if Milton inherits the tendency to commit *fel de se* he doesn't inherit as well the old gentleman's other trick of dropping the idea.

THE rumor that Frank Bangs' wife had applied for a divorce set all the four tongues on the square wagging last week. It would have edified Frank to hear the opinions ventilated about him. But probably it would have been bad for some of the ventilators if Frank had heard them.

MISS AGONIES ELLIOTT, the strawberry blonde, whose red hair played such a prominent part in the "Silver King," has been very ill indeed. There is warrant for believing that an oyster, even, may be crossed in love—and that's what has been the matter with Agonies—so they say.

JIM O'NEIL wants it definitely understood that he isn't going to play on any stage for less than \$1,000 a week. This is very modest on the part of the Only Extant Imitator of Jesus. Christianity must be booming, if to merely counterfeit its founder brings such enormous profits to the mimic.

TOWNSEND PERCY, who is doing Casino McCaul's dirty work in London, is advertising himself there as a representative American. When he was here he carried a loaded stick for any one who suggested that he wasn't English. Let's see what he will be when he comes back—if he ever dares to.

ROSE COGHAN, whose married name is Mrs. Broune, is still in San Francisco. She suffers a great deal from hoarseness. So do Ella Wesner and Alma Stuart Stanley. The vocal organs cannot be abused without the payment of a corresponding penalty, which in Rose's case means the loss of her greatest charm.

DEAR Sarah Jewett, the muddled aged ascetic of Pigeon Cove, is hard at work getting up "Ophelia" for the Edgar syndicate. She is going to represent Hamlet's sweetheart as a sort of Danish Anna Dickinson. For such an impersonation Sarah has undeniable gifts of age and person, and we predict for her the greatest success.

JIM COLLIER looks rounder and rosier than ever. The cares of management certainly don't seem to worry him much, and it shed shock should yield, as he must very shortly, to the incessant inroads of old swan gin on a magnificent constitution, Jim will no doubt be able to carry on business just as well on his own account.

POOR old Fred Lubin has, as usual, come to grief with his latest theatrical venture—the "Indian Wigwag," in Philadelphia. The first time Fred calls the turn, he is going to forswear the Philharmonic and resume his right name of Schaurman. Let us hope that welcome event won't be postponed too long. It is even better, though, that Lubin will have to go in for some other branch of the drama. Let him try theatrical journalism for a change.

THERE is an unfortunate German up in Thirtieth street whose saloon has become a sort of headquarters for every bad actor in the country when he is broke. When they are flush the gang hang out at the Morton House, where they are not wanted except on a cash basis. But as soon as they go broke they settle on their reumatic victim like blow flies on a carrion. How long he will last is a problem worth considering. The salary of the bookkeeper he has to employ to keep the accounts they will never settle will bankrupt him before long.

JENNIE YEAMANS, a pert and not particularly interesting actress, is to make the grand tour under the management of a creature called Hickey, in extenuation of whose foulness of speech and general filthiness of behavior, the excuse of insanity is pleaded by his few friends. It is a promising combination and one that will be likely to get its deserts at the hands of the newspapers.

TOM KEENE is in training for another collar-and-elbow match with Shakspeare—the odds being in favor of Keene. Last season he "did up" *Othello* and *Hamlet* so thoroughly that great hopes are entertained of him by all true anti-Shakspeareans. The divine William is going to catch it hot this time, and no mistake—If one is to believe the magnificent three-sheet posters with which Billy Hayden is advertising his robust and tempestuous star.

MIKE RENTZ is said to feel horribly bitter over his failure in England. Not even the ministrations of Rosenfeld comfort him, and his kindred Sheeneys, with the selfishness of their race, gave him a very wide berth as soon as they found he was neither making money nor spending it. It will be a very long time indeed before Mike will try to strike his claws into the pulchre of provincial England, which is not as easily "played" as the great American Joskin.

DAN FROHMAN begins to find out that an agent is held responsible for the actions of his employer just as effectively as an employer is bound by the acts of his agent. The plucky way in which Aggie Booth "goes for" those two little pocket editions of theatrical management, the Mallorys, has encouraged some of Daniel's own private victims to get up a memorandum of their wrongs and sufferings. Unless Daniel has lined his nest uncommonly well, he will find by the time he gets through with the brace of Churchmen that he would have done better in a dozen ways not to have deserted Haverly.

SOME one started a subscription last week to hire a gang of garbage scow handits to kidnap John W. Thompson and hurry him down the bay in a congenial grave. But the idea didn't catch on. At a caucus of the numerous friends whose confidential conversations he has reported lately, it was resolved to capture and sell him for fertilizing purposes. Negotiations are now on foot with Frank Swift for that end, but Swift is understood to be holding off till he can get hold of an island in mid Atlantic to try John down on. He says he is afraid the bureau of nuisances will be after him if he does the work as near shore as Barren Island.

THE flagrantly offensive way in which Bob Morris, of the *Telegram*, is puffing Alvin Joslyn-General-Pareisis Davis ought to attract Bennett's attention to him. It is really outrageous. Not content with being the most arrogant, as well as the most incompetent so-called "critic" on the city press, Morris evidently wishes to prove that he is also the most venal. It is with a rising in the throat that anybody, under compulsion, refers to Davis. But 'Bob' apparently gloats in giving publicity to the monstrous boasts with which Davis advertises himself. Every other day the *Telegram* contains a rapturous paragraph in which some new lie is uttered in "the toad's" behalf.

SOME one wrote a paragraph for the *Sun*, in which poor little Tom Thumb Stratton was spoken of as a conceited, forgetful, weak-minded and parsimonious dwarf. In point of fact, the little General had a remarkable memory for names and faces, and was always overjoyed to meet an old friend. His hospitality was boundless, and his greatest fault was his convivial disposition. He was never happier than when the centre of a group of bright talkers, the main source of the cigars and the drinks. As a business man he was exceptionally quick-witted and shrewd. The best refutation of the many cowardly lies published at the expense of the little General is to be found in the fact that though his receipts were immensely overestimated, he left at least \$400,000 to his wife.

POOR de Bellyville! There are rumors already afloat that he is contemplating a second—or to be more accurate—a third emancipation from the bonds of wedlock. By the way, if Dittenhoefer had been a smart lawyer instead of a big fat talkative "champ," he could have made out a very different case for de Bellyville. Like all actors, de Bellyville is as stupid as an ox, and could no more be entrusted with his own case than a mule could be entrusted with the job of finding out a ship's longitude. If either of them had known what they were about, they would have run down some interesting stories about certain "casual" meetings near the Morton House, and familiar conversations on Eighth street. But what could you expect of two such lunkheads as ex-Dit and de Bellyville?

SOMEbody wants to know who Ada Rebau is, and if she is the wife of Gus Daly, son-in-law of old Silme. She is not the wife of Mr. Daly, but the successor in all things, visible and invisible, of Miss Fanny Davenport, who is to appear very soon as a Fat Woman in the play of "Fedora." Instead of in a more appropriate Dime Museum, Miss Rebau comes of a family singularly diversified in its gifts as well as names. For example, Ada Rebau plays languishing *ingenues* and pretty walking ladies in the Dalyan school of comedy. Her sister, Kate Byron, the wife of Oliver Byron Dowd, impersonates the gushing heroines of the red-fire drama. Hattie O'Neill, another sister, and the handsomest of them all, used to be immensely admired as the Fairy Queen of pantomimes and burlesques, while the eldest of them all, under the name and appellation of Madame Ninon L'Enclos, used to be the bright particular star and middle woman of the once celebrated Red Stocking Female Minstrels. Truly a gifted and multifarious quartet!

FRED WILLIAMS, the Long Haired Mystery of the Boston Museum, has been appointed stage manager of Niblo's garden. A more incompetent person for the place could scarcely be discovered even by John F. Poole. Williams, on the strength of being an able translator from the French, got into Daly's employ. His first piece of work here was the "Raven," in which Miss Agnes Leonard, at present Mrs. Francis Bangs, made her New York appearance. Both star and play were so cordially damned that neither have been seen on the boards since that fatal night. The secret of Fred's appointment is this: his wife is the sister of Mrs. Tom Donnelly, and Tom Donnelly used to be the partner and *alter ego* of John Poole. After Donnelly's death a coldness followed by

ill-feeling, sprang up between his widow and his friend and colleague. To settle it, the latter considered the application of the *muscular mystery*, and in due time appointed him stage manager. The berth is a virtual sinecure, anyhow, for the Kiraly Brothers stage-manage their own pieces.

JUST as we thought she would, Mrs. Booth has come out at last on the Mallorys and exposed them in a cheerfully candid interview published in the Boston *Herald*. According to her story, as well as according to the general belief of everybody who knows them, they are a couple of close-fisted canting hypocrites, who have made the service of the drama bring them tenfold the profit they got by serving God with professional ostentation. She says they have neither heart nor soul, and that with all their pretensions of superiority to the common run of managers, they are the rudest, most selfish and most unmannerly she ever had anything to do with. Of course they despise the stage, and if they can possibly bring it about are going to replace professional actors with novices. They can get them a good deal cheaper, and the supply is inexhaustible. Thank goodness the Mallory Brothers have seen their best days managerially. Like a couple of Jew peddlers, they have completely used up their territory, and every time they send their damaged second-hand goods round the country they find fewer and fewer customers.

WHY doesn't somebody coax Jim Morrissey out on Saratoga Lake and drop him overboard? It would be an act of philanthropy which could not go unrewarded. A more pestilential nuisance than this same Morrissey it would be impossible to discover. His manners, to begin with, are simply disgusting. To be pawed over and slobbered over and "dear old fellow" and "do now pretty-ed" by a creature of his doubtful gender has the effect of an emetic on a self-respecting and sensitive organization. The novelty of his behavior made him an object of curious interest to provincial newspaper men. But they soon outgrew him, and their wonder changed to disgust. It is safe to say that Morrissey is the most cordially detested "advance agent" that ever, under a misapprehension, withheld his zeal from the service of a learned pig. The boys are all "onto him" as the phrase goes, so that before long, we confidently expect, he will be greeted with such a blast, while making his grand round that even his will drop to the inference that he is, in truth, about as actually popular as the Alligator Boy or the What-is-it?

CLAYBURGH, the pert young Sheeency who married Lillian Spencer, and who now mismanages her affairs, had the extraordinary bad taste the other day to try and get an "ad" out of the death of his father-in-law. He caused it to be announced that "Dr. Spencer, father of the celebrated actress, Miss Lillian Spencer, has just died and bequeathed over \$100,000 to that distinguished artist," whereas Dr. Spencer did not leave all told, \$15,000, and left that, not to his daughter, but to his wife. Miss Lillian Olcott got a good deal of similar advertising out of the illness of her paternal parent, but, fortunately, Dr. Olcott didn't die. It is a pity these suckling stars can't find a better substitute for the exhausted diamond-runaway-horse and miraculous-escape-from-drowning-rackets than such cock-and-bull stories about their relatives, dead or alive. Miss Herndon, however, is to be commended for preferring an altogether hypothetical connection with the living President Arthur as the base of her operations, to any yarns about dead or dying fathers and mothers. Clayburgh, by the way, is keenly remembered by Hart Brothers, the Eighth avenue tailors, who have an interest in his engagements founded entirely on their accommodations in the form of overcoats.

NEARLY every farmer can tell a story about a hen's changing into a rooster. First she ceases to lay. Then her cluck changes to a piping crow. Then the notes grow broader and louder. Next her wattles change color and her comb grows. Last of all she puts forth spurs and the gorgeous plumes which distinguish a rooster's tail. People who have the honor to be on intimate terms with Christine Nilssen pretend to observe a similar evolution out of one sex into the other on the part of the Swedish Sappho. She began by growing cold and indifferent to the courtship and the addresses of men. Her next step in development was to be ardently interested in women. Pretty soon she never appeared either in private or in public without a female companion, and after the mysterious death of her husband in Charenton asylum, adopted a mate of her own sex as a permanent institution. When she came to America last year it was generally noticed that her voice had broadened and deepened in its lower register to a tenor quality. To crown the analogy, the new photographs taken of her in London show her with her hair cut like a man's and parted on one side. It is barely possible that the last stage of all will be her adoption of the male costume, a la Ella Wesner.

THAT particular scion of the Hilton family who loves to show himself off in the Judge's private box at Niblo's Garden, and who has been rebuked more than once by Ned Gilmore for his outrageous misbehavior, is said to be backing "me and me and me" in the production of "Excelsior," the new spectacle at Niblo's—which, by the way, is said to be named after the very popular and inexpensive material with which mattresses are stuffed instead of feathers. Niblo's has been going down hill pretty fast, in spite of its elaborate decorations—principally as the result of its management's parsimony in the matter of advertising. So the Judge turned the big barn over to his son, and his son is going to try and cut as big a theatrical swathe as that of George Gould at the Grand Opera House, whom he greatly envies and wishes to surpass. Young Hilton will have one great advantage over young Gould. At the Grand Opera House no ballets will be produced during the season, while at Niblo's the legs will be innumerable. On that account to lounge behind the scenes of the latter theatre will be a favor keenly preferred by the dudes to the uninteresting austerity of the other house. All the caped young imbeciles of New York will devote their attentions to Hilton instead of to Gould, and the latter will be completely deserted in consequence by everybody except Paul Daza, who has outgrown all his boyish tendencies except his love for the bicycle.

## SHE KNEW WHAT COMFORT MEANT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Considerable excitement was created at Long Branch last week by the appearance of a well known actress promenading the beach in company with a notorious dude. She was puffing a cigarette and airily attired in a bathing suit and a light summer travelling ulster. "I know what comfort means," she said, in reply to a remark upon her rig. She evidently does.

## THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

## He Goes on a Church Picnic, and has his Sensibilities Checked.

Having received an invitation to share in the mid-summer festivities of a favorite congregation, the Religious Editor last week went on a church picnic to Jerusalem Grove, on the Hudson. The weather was delightful, and as the pastor feelingly remarked, could only have been better if Richard K. Fox had been there to enjoy it—Mr. Fox having been detained by unavoidable business. He had, however, contributed his compliments in the shape of 100 dozen of Mumm and a gross of playing cards.

The gifts were received at the gangway by a picketed guard of deacons, and conveyed for safety to the hold. The deacons had not got back on deck when Jerusalem Grove was reached, and then they had to be hoisted up by the cargo tackle and laid out in the shade to come to.

"Dear brothers!" sighed the pastor, "the heat was too much for them."

This was considered no wonder as it had been hot enough in the hold to burst three dozen bottles and rend the package of playing cards asunder.

After a preliminary prayer for the congregation, Richard K. Fox and the POLICE GAZETTE, offered up by the pastor, the merry-makers dispersed upon the shore. The Religious Editor, having ascertained that the champagne was to be landed presently, accepted the invitation of two young and pretty Sunday school teachers to walk in the grove. The young ladies were desirous of information on the new POLICE GAZETTE code of Sunday school instruction, and particularly anxious to know if Mr. Fox proposed offering any medals for champion teachers.

When they learned that he did not, they expressed great disappointment, and requested to be employed in the POLICE GAZETTE bindery, where they are now becoming wealthy and objects of attention by the aristocracy of England and America.

Judging from the gait of a passing deacon that the wine had been landed, the Religious Editor returned to the shore. The popping of corks and shouts of: "Hurrah for Richard K. Fox!"

"The POLICE GAZETTE forever!"

Interspersed with:

"Fill her up again."

"Now don't spill any more on my dress."

"Take your hand off my foot, Deacon Simmons, and gimme another glass of wine, or I'll get Mr. Fox to put your picture in the GAZETTE."

Greeted his ears from all sides. When he arrived at the landing place, however, he found only a deck hand sitting on the gangway of the boat, watching some empty wine baskets.

"Upon my word, I'd like to have a drink," sighed the Religious Editor.

"Say the word, boss," said the deck hand, "and I'll fetch a deacon and squeeze him for you. There ain't one that won't sweat a fair sized drunk by this time."

Before the Religious Editor could accept this offer two deacons burst out of the bushes, beating one another with champagne bottles.

"I tell you Fox sent it to me," yelled one.

"You lie," howled the other. "Fox is an old friend of mine, and it was me he sent it to."

"Well, you've had four bottles, anyhow," screamed the first.

"And haven't you had six?"

The Religious Editor induced them to fight it out under POLICE GAZETTE rules, and the articles will be signed next week at this office.

But the bottles were empty.

"Never mind," said a wealthy widow from the Ninth ward, who had been following the Religious Editor around ever since he landed, "I've got some drops in my pocket, being subject to spasms. Try a nip, brother, and be comforted in the Lord!"

And she sang "Oh! Be Joyful," while the Religious Editor drained the flask to the dregs.

Still, he prefers the POLICE GAZETTE champagne punch to church picnic gin.

"How was it, brother?" queried the widow, when the Religious Editor drew his breath.

"It was fair," replied the Religious Editor.

"Then let us pray."

And she did.

"Look out for sister Simmons," whispered a passing deacon, "she is a designing woman, especially when she prays."

"You won't mind if I ask you one little question, will you?" asked the widow, coyly. "Just one little one."

"Sail ahead," responded the Religious Editor.

"Mr. Richard K. Fox is a single man, isn't he?"

"He is not," replied the Religious Editor, sternly.

The widow gave vent to a heartrending shriek and fell in a faint.

Lunch being announced by a deacon who, though speechless, signified his purpose by pointing to his mouth and rubbing his abdomen, the Religious Editor sought the grove. The refectory was spread on the grass, and each hapless was provided with a POLICE GAZETTE for a napkin. A Ros grace and three cheers for Richard K. Fox the apostle fell to. The widow ate so fast that she nearly strangled, and the Religious Editor was forced to pat her on the back to bring her around. After this she choked regularly at intervals of five minutes throughout the repast.

When the edibles had been put out of sight, and every one but the pastor and three deacons, who remained to play whiskey poker for the remainder of the champagne, had retired to the sylvan fastnesses of the grove to read the POLICE GAZETTE publications distributed from the Sunday school library and enjoy a siesta, the Religious Editor, declining a pressing invitation on the part of the widow to go butterfly hunting with her, swam across the river and took a train for New York.

The morning papers announced the fact that the police boat had to be called on to restore order on the return of the picnic from Jerusalem Grove. In an interview with a reporter the pastor stated that the entire failure of the excursion was due to the disappointment experienced by his congregation at the absence of Mr. Fox.

The widow has since applied for a position as scrub-woman in the POLICE GAZETTE office. As she has been unable to produce satisfactory endorsements of her moral character, her application has been rejected.

When the Religious Editor goes on another church picnic he hopes he will know it.

JOHN GILKEY, of Rutherfordton, N. C., has sued Dr. Marsh Craton for \$5,000 damages for betraying the plaintiff's wife. Gilkey has lost caste by not killing the betrayer.





ED. WILLIAMS,

A NOTORIOUS WESTERN BURGLAR WHO HAS  
ESCAPED FROM JAIL AT LACROSSE, WIS.

#### Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

A few weeks ago Daniel Hantleman's farm, near Sherill's Mound, in the vicinity of La Crosse, Wis., was entered by burglars and robbed of several thousand dollars in gold and bullion. The case was given into the hands of Detective J. G. Shattuck, of Chicago, who soon learned that a fellow named Ed. Williams had been



#### POLYGAMY AFLOAT.

A WESTERN MAN WITH PECULIAR IDEAS FLOATS UP AND DOWN THE OHIO RIVER ON A RAFT, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS THREE HANDSOME WIVES, AND DEFIES THE LAWS OF TWO STATES.



EX-POLICEMAN JOHN NUGENT,

LEADER IN THE ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO ROB  
CASHIER SMITH IN A HOBOKEN DEPOT.

seen in the vicinity of the place on the day of the robbery. He also learned that Williams had shortly afterward gone to LaCrosse, accompanied by a woman whom he claimed to be his wife. He accordingly went to LaCrosse and there ascertained that Williams was in Eau Claire, Wis. The next day, together with Chief of Police Donnelly, of Eau Claire, and Hatch, of LaCrosse, he suddenly dropped down on their bird. Upon searching him the officers found, among other things, two gold watches and chains, a deed of several lots which had been recently purchased by him in Eau Claire, a bill for a large amount



PETE EMERSON,

ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE HOBOKEN TRAIN  
ROBBERY, JULY 28.

of lumber to be used in building a house, a sum of money and other valuables. A certificate of deposit for \$500 on a savings bank of St. Paul was also found on his person. He was taken to Dubuque last Friday week by Messrs. Shattuck and Hatch and lodged in jail, when he waived the formalities of extradition, etc., and has since been identified as being the person who was seen in the vicinity of Mr. Hantleman's house on the night of the robbery.

When Williams was arrested in Eau Claire he was in the company of his "wife," who followed him to LaCrosse and employed Mr



NED FARRELL,

EX-CONVICT, AND ONE OF THE ROBBERS WHO  
WENT FOR CASHIER SMITH'S BOODLE.



#### GOING FOR FRISKY GAME.

A PARTY OF COWBOYS IN A DENVER VARIETY SHOW BECOME ENTHUSIASTIC AND TIE ON TO SOME OF THE QUEENS OF THE BALLET.

Hurd of the law firm of Henderson, Hurd & Daniels, to defend her "husband." A warrant was, however, issued by Squire Conkley for her arrest on the charge of having been an accomplice in the crime. The woman was found at the Western House by Deputy Sheriff Gehrig. Detective Shattuck and Deputy Sheriff Gehrig searched her clothes for money which they had reasons to believe was concealed about her. She stated that all she possessed was \$10, which she had "earned" at a certain hotel in the city. Not being satisfied with the result of their search, the officials concluded to go further, and proceeded in the work of making shreds of the woman's skirts and petticoats. Two \$100 bills and one \$50 bill were found sewed up in her petticoat, in as many different places, and between the lining and the cloth proper.

This evidence, added to what had already been gathered, was deemed sufficient by the local magistrate to hold the male prisoner for trial. Williams, however, managed to saw the bars of his cell window on the 25th of July and make his escape. A reward is offered for his apprehension.

Henry Raynor eloped a few days ago with the daughter of H. Picketts, at Sidney, Neb. The father of the girl and Raynor met on July 27 and pistols were drawn. Picketts is dead and Raynor is wounded.



MRS. WILLIAMS,

MISTRESS OF ED. WILLIAMS AND HIS ACCOM-  
PLICE IN THE SHERILL'S MOUND BURGLARY.

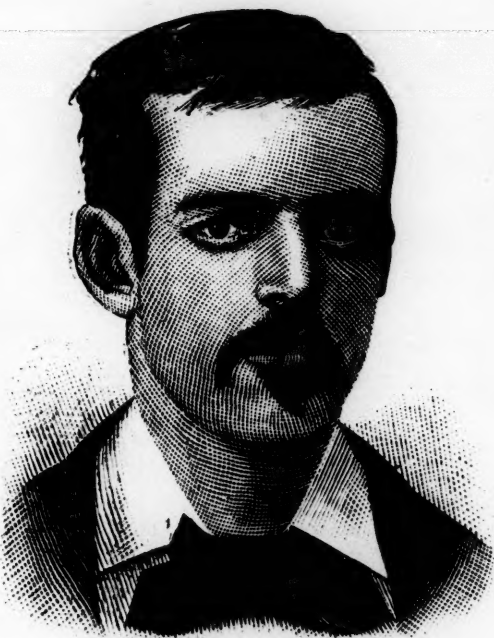


### Waking Up the Wrong Customer.

Jasper Whims, a one armed man, and senior editor of the Westmoreland, Kan., *Period*, is all broke up. He reached home late the other night after a day's absence in a neighboring town, and retired without disturbing any of the family. Upon waking the next morning he loudly called his son to get up and build the fire, but the young hopeful failed to respond, although the invitation was repeated several times. Thereupon ye editor arose and sought his boy's room, clothed in righteous indignation and an abbreviated undergarment. Upon the bed, sleeping the sleep of innocent youth, reposed the thinly draped form of the object of his wrath. Carefully locating in the dim light that portion of the young gentleman's frame which was to receive the proposed chastisement, the parent, armed with a slipper, raised his arm and administered several resounding spansks. To his horror the blows elicited an unmistakably feminine cry of distress. Mr. W., realizing that something was wrong, beat a precipitate retreat in search of his wife and an explanation, and soon learned that during his absence a new hired girl had arrived and been installed in the room formerly occupied by his son. With difficulty the wrath of the girl was appeased, but it was impossible to keep the affair from the public ear, and the whole county is laughing about it. The boy was aroused by the racket, and took the whole thing in through the crack of the door.

### Caught On.

A singular incident recently occurred at Santa Clara, California, that had some elements of the ludicrous, but came near being a sombre tragedy. A female trapeze performer, who appears under the name of Lena Mucha, was ambitious to figure as an aeronaut. She announced that she would make an ascension in a balloon from Santa Clara, and made all her preparations. While stopping in the town making arrangements for the exhibition she met a young farmer of the neighborhood, who got fearfully mashed on her. He strongly objected to her taking a heavenward flight from him, and did all in his power to dissuade her from the peril-



VICTOR SMITH,

A NOTED HUNTER OF THE YELLOWSTONE REGION.

ous undertaking. But his entreaties were of no avail.

The day for the ascension came, and all was ready for the balloon to be cut loose. The anxious lover made a last ineffectual appeal, and becoming frantic declared that he would prevent her by force from attempting the ascent. She laughed at his fears and gayly gave the signal to let the balloon go. Just as it was sailing into the air the maddened lover grasped at the girl and attempted to pull her from the trapeze. He caught her by the leg, but she, holding firmly to the ropes, could not be dislodged. In a moment the balloon was sailing through the air carrying the two with it. The frightened countryman held on like grim death to the hold he had secured. The female athlete finally succeeded in drawing him up to the



AN EARLY MORNING CALL.

THE AMUSING BLUNDER THAT A WESTMORELAND, KANSAS, EDITOR MADE, WHO WENT TO AROUSE HIS SLOTHFUL SON, AND GOT INTO THE SERVANT GIRL'S ROOM BY MISTAKE.

swing, and afterwards safely descended and let the swain safe on the solid earth, with no further desire to get above his own corn hills.

### An Ambassador Shoots Himself.

A startling suicide occurred in New York city early on the morning of July 29, when

Senor Don Francisco Barca the Spanish Minister to this country, shot and killed himself at his rooms in the Albe-marle hotel. Senor Barca had come on to New York from Washington about ten days before, and was to have sent his wife and daughter last week to Paris, where they were going to visit his married daughter. His wife and daughter were spending the intermediate time at the watering places, while the Minister was arranging for the sale of his horses and carriages and furniture in Washington. Nothing unusual was observed in his demeanor, and it was therefore an entire surprise when his secretary, going to call him for early Mass a few hours after leaving him in entire health, found him a corpse, with a pistol ball through his temple. Senor Barca came of a wealthy family, was well educated, highly accomplished, and had a most honorable record. He was exceedingly popular in Washington. He was fifty-two years old.

### A Patient Pair of Lovers.

As the British Crown swung up to the American line dock, Philadelphia, on July 29, an old woman, who had been walking the deck since sunrise, leaned over the taffrail, ejaculated ungrammatically, "That's him," waved her handkerchief and disappeared in the cabin. At the same moment a still more elderly man on the dock shrieked "That's my Benedicta," and gambolled up the gangplank of the steamship, followed by a body guard of friends, and rushed after the retreating woman into the cabin. Twenty-eight years ago a scene as sad as this was joyous was enacted by the same pair on the Cunard dock at Liverpool, when Thomas Barbour bid farewell to Benedicta Price and set out to find his fortune amid his kin beyond the sea. Kin at home had made the union of the couple an impossibility for the time being, and although their ages were then respectively 42 and 55 years they concluded to await the removal by time of the family obstructions to the course of true love. Time took nearly a third of a century to the task. During all these years the lovers kept up a correspondence, and a letter from Miss Benedicta announced that she at last was free to redeem the pledge she had kept so well. The result was the reunion and demonstration on the British Crown. The happy old



CAUGHT ON.

THE ALARMING POSITION THAT AN INFATUATED CALIFORNIA FARMER GOT INTO BY TRYING TO PREVENT A DASHING FEMALE AERONAUT'S PERILOUS BALLOON ASCENSION.



SEÑOR DON FRANCISCO BARCA,

SPANISH MINISTER TO THIS COUNTRY, WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE IN NEW YORK CITY.

couple took a carriage and were driven to Frankford, where they were married in the evening. Barbour owns a cooper shop, and has several thousand dollars invested in real estate.

### A Leavenworth Scandal.

Mrs. Lesly C. Brownly, who it appears left her home in Leavenworth, Kan., July 21, in company with George Elsberry, taking her two children and all her household goods with her, was found at St. Louis on July 27 by her husband. She had repented of her rash act and returned home. Elsberry was arrested and is understood to be held awaiting advices from the police authorities at Leavenworth, where, it is said, he is wanted for burglary.



## OTHER FELLOWS' WIVES

AND

## Other Girls' Husbands.

THE RICHEST, RAREST AND RACIEST  
SCANDALS OF FAST PARISIAN LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabelle Unmasked," "The  
Preties' Women in Paris," "Paris  
Inside Out," etc., etc.*

VI.

MONSIEUR LE MESURIER'S BRETON WIFE.

Monsieur Paul Le Mesurier was an elderly gentleman of bachelor habits, who had never married. He was the owner of a small linen drapery establishment at the corner of the Palais Royale, and having ever been a careful, saving sort of person, contrived to amass considerable wealth. He made no show of his riches. He lived at Saint Cloud, in a snug little villa close to the park, with an old housekeeper of irreproachable morals, dined at the Cafe Francols in the Palais Royale every day, except Sunday, when he fed richly but plainly at the celebrated "Tete Noir," which, as every Coquette and denizen of the demi-monde knows, lies just at the entrance to the town of Saint Cloud, and commands from those piquant little upstairs rooms a superb view of the park and the opposite barracks.

Paul Le Mesurier was as punctual and precise in his habits as his washbasin. He rose at seven, winter and summer, took his cup of black coffee and roll, was driven into Paris in a snug little coupe, arriving in the glittering city at a quarter to nine. At half-past eleven he enjoyed his *dejeuner a la fourchette*, over which he dwelt with the loving care of a man whose stomach is mistress, wife, child, treasure; at half past six he dined. At nine his coupe awaited him, and half-past ten beheld him ensnaring his head in a red cotton nightcap and blowing out his candle, ere rolling like a porpoise into his bachelor bed.

Many attempts had been made, lawful and unlawful, to share his couch by wise and unwise virgins, by widows, wives and maids, but Monsieur Le Mesurier was, if not absolutely cold-blooded, an exceedingly wary and cautious man, and having in the single hot days of his youth been miserably duped by a very designing young lady into lending her 5,000 francs, which she never dreamt of repaying by more than an icy kiss, he gave the sex a particularly wide berth and avoided woman, lovely woman, as he would a plague.

One lovely Sunday morning, when the good citizens of Saint Cloud were ascending the steep hill to the church, and as gay and festive parties were arriving from Paris by boat, rail, train and omnibus, Madame Hotete, Le Mesurier's housekeeper, was startled upon perceiving a very pretty girl, attired in the Breton costume, advancing up the little paved walk that led to the house from the garden gate.

The new comer was small, but an exquisite figure, her short Breton petticoats revealing a shapely pair of legs, the Breton shoes with their quaint buckles showing off a particularly tiny foot. The Breton corsage was low, the handkerchief over the bosom serving to indicate that plumpness which is ever an addition to womanly attractiveness.

"Madame Hotete?" said the girl.

"Yes," replied the old dame, coldly.

"I am Jeannette."

"Jeannette?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Jeannette, who?—What?"

"Jeannette Coultonne, the daughter of your niece, Madame Valmay."

"My niece, Madame Valmay! What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say, Madame. Your brother Pierre married and—"

"Had no children," interrupted the old lady, quickly.

"Pardon me, Madame. He married twice."

"I did not know that."

"You lost sight of him, here in Paris. You lost sight of us," said the girl, simply, and controlling her emotion with apparent difficulty.

"Are you his grandchild?" asked Madame Hotete, scrutinizingly.

"Yes, Madame, I am Jeannette; and," she added, while plunging her hand into her bodice, "you will recollect this cross. He gave it to my dear mother, who in turn gave it to me on her death bed."

Here poor Jeannette could control herself no longer, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Step in, my child," said Madame Hotete, not a little moved by this tenderness. "I think I recollect the cross. Anyway, tell me something about my poor brother's family and surroundings, that I may not be deceived by—"

"Oh, Madame!" and the girl wept more copiously than before.

"Does the cottage still stand at the end of the village?" asked Madame Hotete.

"Yes, Madame; and the chestnut tree is still there."

"What chestnut tree?"

"The tree in the garden of Monsieur, le Cure."

"Ah, my memory is failing me. But go on, my child; tell me all about the village and the people. Who is mayor, now? Is the Abbe Merd's tomb kept in good order? How did Paul Deshaes' sons turn out? Jules was a bad boy," etc.

The old lady pilled the younger one with questions, to all of which the girl gave satisfactory replies. An easy task enough, however, since Madame Hotete not only asked, but responded to her own queries in the same breath.

"And what brings you to Paris, to Saint Cloud, Jeannette?"

The young lady bowed her head as she replied: "The old chateau is now in the hands of the Marquis de Villebois. His son is very handsome, but very wicked. He wanted to make love to me—dishonorably. I repulsed him. He became insolent, threatening. I resolved to leave in order to save myself from insult, and I thought that for a little while you, my dear aunt, would give me shelter."

"For a little time? For always, you dear good

chaste child. That villain, Marquis—wretch, libertine, he would ravish my tender lamb. Oh, how pleased my master will be to hear that you have been snatched from the jaws of that horrible wolf, that roaring lion of a villain, Marquis—"

Monsieur Le Mesurier did not display an excessive joy at the announcement that Madame Hotete's grand niece had been snatched from the jaws of that wolfish nobleman, and when his old servant proposed that Jeannette should help her a little in the management of the housekeeping he grunted:

"As you please, Marianne; but don't let the girl come near me, I don't want anybody around but you."

Now, it so happened that upon the following Sunday morning something in Madame Hotete's coffee gave her the colic, and she was unable to leave her bed.

"What will my master say, if you have to wait on him at his dejeuner? He always breakfasts at home on Sundays."

Jeannette smiled.

"Oh, I'll not say a word, and will go into the room as little as possible, aunt."

If there was one thing more than another that Le Mesurier was particular about, it was his Sunday breakfast. He thought of it half the week, and rose in the joyousness of expectation. He commenced with an oyster omelette, followed by kidneys broiled, and soured with port wine sauce, after which came toasted bacon and then two small mutton chops, the entrée winding up with fresh black coffee and a pony of liquor. Not bad, was it?

He had sounded his gong as a sign to Marianne to commence this delightful and succulent comedy, when in marched Jeannette with the oyster omelette.

"Who the—oh, you're Madame Hotete's niece?" he growled.

"Yes, Monsieur," dropping a quaint and timid curtsey.

"Why isn't she here herself?"

"Please, Monsieur, she is not well."

"Nothing serious?"

"Oh no, Monsieur."

"Ah!"

It was only when Jeannette went over to the window and, standing on tiptoe, endeavored to push aside the curtain so as to throw more light on the breakfast table, that he glanced at the girl.

"What a good figure the jade has," he thought.

With the kidneys came a little changing of plates and glasses and knives and forks. Le Mesurier, while picking his teeth, took a look at Jeannette, and for a second her great gray eyes, full of liquid depth and hidden fire, met his.

"What devilish fine eyes the wench has," thought Le Mesurier.

With the cutlets came more changing of plates, etc., and, while sipping his glass of Lafitte, Le Mesurier took in the rest of the girl's face.

"What a devilish sensual mouth the little thing has," he half-muttered.

"Did Monsieur call for anything?"

"No, dear—no—what's your name?"

"Jeannette."

"No, Jeannette. How old are you?"

"Eighteen, Monsieur."

"So there was a young fellow after you down at your home?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Well!—and Le Mesurier drew a long breath, "I don't blame him very much."

"Oh, Monsieur!" opening her wonderful eyes and gazing down full into his. "Oh, Monsieur, he was very wicked."

"Perhaps so," said Le Mesurier, with a sigh.

With the coffee and brandy came a deal of table arranging, and the bouquet had to be arranged in the centre of the table.

"Would Monsieur like a flower for his button hole?" asked Jeannette.

"Button hole be hanged!" growled Le Mesurier.

"Stay, let me have that one," he added.

Jeannette in extracting the rose from the middle of the bouquet displayed a fine rounded, white, blue veined arm far above the elbow.

"Shall I put it in Monsieur's button hole?"

"If you please, dear."

She took a long time to fasten it, and when she had completed the operation Le Mesurier was for placing a five-franc piece in her hand.

"Oh, no, Monsieur," curtseying.

"Well," he palpitated, "what would you take for a kiss?"

"I never take anything. I always give a kiss."

"Will you give me one?"

"Monsieur is surely jesting," and Mademoiselle Jeannette swept out of the room, a sparkling smile on her red lips.

Madame Hotete's colic went, but a very severe attack of rheumatism mounted guard on her old body, which not only confined her to her bed but left her powerless in the bed.

Jeannette was the good angel of the house, and did everything for everybody.

"Oh, what a comfort you are to me, my pet," Madame Hotete would observe, while she added, "and does my master grumble much?"

"He does not grumble at all."

One day Jeannette announced that Monsieur Le Mesurier was approaching the house.

"At three o'clock!" screamed Marianne. "The store must be burned to the ground—he must be ill. Oh, run out and see what is the matter."

Le Mesurier, very nervous and flushed, exclaimed as he entered the house:

"I got tired of Paris, Jeannette. It was too warm, and I've come to lounge about here and dine over the way at the Tete Noir."

He kept Jeannette talking for a good deal of the evening, and as she passed him on her way to light the lamp he caught her in his arms and kissed her despite her struggles, which however were not very violent.

Monsieur Le Mesurier, to the intense astonishment of his employees, now left Paris regularly at two o'clock, and to the utter bewilderment of Madame Hotete announced his intention of dining at home in future, but in order not to give trouble he would order the dinner to be served each day from the "Tete Noir" restaurant.

But although he lay in wait for it night after night he never got another kiss from Jeannette, and the remembrance of the "first and only" clung to his imagination with a sweetness that enervated him.

Madame Hotete's rheumatism improved a little, and the doctor ordered her to the baths at Lucken.

"I insist on your going," said Monsieur Le Mesurier.

"Do you think I would not spend thousands of francs on such an old and faithful servant?"

At length Marianne consented to go.

"And Jeannette will come with me?" she said.

"I cannot consent to that," observed Monsieur Le Mesurier. "Jeannette is the best substitute for yours. If she is honest and trustworthy, very unobtrusive and respectful, and she shall remain."

"There can be no scandal," thought Madame Hotete, "as my master is nearly seventy and detests women."

The worthy old lady repaired to Lucken, and on her return in about six weeks received the astounding intelligence that her niece was now Madame Le Mesurier.

"I never thought of marrying," said the bridegroom, "but I did not like to give scandal, and Jeannette was so terrified. She is so good, so pure."

And Jeannette?

Well, the truth must be told. Jeannette was no other than Mademoiselle Titi Bellevoye, of the Folies Bergeres theatre, the mistress of Capt. Feudepon, of the artillery, whose battery was quartered at Saint Cloud. She had heard of Monsieur Le Mesurier, his peculiarities, his wealth, his mode of life. She had "taken stock" of Madame Hotete, and through her maid picked up some information concerning her, and had vamped up this very neat little story, which she told in the very costume in which she had played the part of a Breton girl in Zola's "Nana." Once having obtained a footing, she knew from a wide experience exactly how to play her senile lover, and succeeded in becoming Madame Le Mesurier.

The old merchant is crazy about her. He lavishes money upon her. She has only to ask and have; every wish is anticipated, and he has made his will leaving her every franc of which he is the possessor. To do her justice, she is very kind and amiable to him.

And Capt. Feudepon, of the artillery? Oh, she meets him at a certain quiet little hotel in the Rue Militaire, where they spend many hours together, doubtless in talking of the best way of ridding France from the galling yoke of Germany!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARCELLUS BAKER.

[With Portrait.]

Marcellus Baker was born at Newburg Centre, Maine, July 19, 1846, and from an early age displayed a fondness for wrestling and boxing. His first appearance in public was at Lewiston, in June 1866, where he had a set-to with Peter Daly, in which he acquitted himself very creditably. In July, 1867, he fought Charles Belcher for \$100 a side. Belcher was declared the winner on a foul in 10 rounds, 11 15m. He was next matched to fight Tom Duffy for \$200 a side, at Newburg Centre, Jan. 6, 1868, but after the men were in the ring Duffy refused to fight, and Baker received the stakes. The same winter he challenged any man in the State of Maine for \$500, at 14 lbs, he to weigh 120 lbs, but no one accepted. In May, 1868, a match was arranged between Baker and George Chew, of England, for \$200 a side. The battle was to have been decided on the Isle of Shoals, but a storm came on and they were unable to land, subsequently the stakes were drawn. He next met his old opponent, Charles Belcher, for \$300 a side. The battle was fought July 22, 1868, on an island near Bangor, Maine. Baker won in 5 rounds, occupying 27m. He then moved to Boston, Mass., where he sparred with such clever lightweights as Arthur Chambers, Patsy Sheppard, Mike Coburn and Tim Collins. He was next matched to fight Jim Hayes for \$100 a side. The battle took place at Campbell Island Aug. 30, 1872. Hayes was defeated in one round, lasting 15m, being knocked out so that he could not come to time for the second round. He next faced young Prince, at Professor Wm. Clark's, in a glove contest, in the spring of 1873. The contest was declared a draw after 11 rounds, lasting 42m.

In June, 1874 he defeated Prof. Briggs in a blackened glove contest in 30m, scoring 21 clean hits to Briggs' 19. In the fall of the same year he met his old opponent, Jim Hayes, at Lewiston, in a glove contest. Hayes was knocked out of time in the fifth round. His next match was with Ed. McGlinchey, at Bangor, Me., October, 1878. They were to have boxed five rounds, Marquis of Queensberry's rules. Baker had only a week's notice to get in trim, and it was just after he had been dangerously stabbed in the neck, so that he was in no condition for the encounter. His friends had backed him heavily and he had to play the drop game in order to protect them. In the second round there was so much excitement that the police stopped the affair, and the referee declared it a draw. He then met Warwick Edwards (Billy's brother) in a glove contest at the Music Hall Boston, April, 1879. Edwards was defeated in four rounds, (being knocked out of time). In December of the same year he defeated George Brennan with the "bare kns" for \$200, in a room on the Brighton road in three rounds, lasting 15m. Baker and Johnny McCann boxed for a silver cup presented by Tim Collins, at Turner's Hall. Baker won the cup, but never got it. At a benefit to Joe Goss he met Frank White, and knocked him all over the stage, White being no match for him. His last match was with Jimmy Hurst, at Bangor, Me., Nov. 26, 1881, the battle ending in a draw after four rounds had been contested, owing to the chief of police stopping the affair.

AN ENFORCED MARRIAGE.

Paul Martinez and a party supposed to be his brother drove up to San Pedro Park, San Antonio, Texas, on the night of July 17, and informed Fritz Steinberger that some ladies in a carriage, some little distance from the saloon, wanted to see him. On reaching the vehicle Martinez and the other party drew their pistols and insisted that Steinberger should enter the carriage. This he refused to do, when he was shot at by one of the party. He broke for the timber and was overtaken by the brothers, who drove him to the family residence, where he was forced to marry Alice Martinez, whom they aver had been seduced by Steinberger. The county judge tied the knot, and at the close of the ceremony Paul Martinez was arrested and lodged in jail. The bride and his sister accompanied Steinberger to the station here, where the groom lodged a charge of assault with intent to murder against the irate brother.

COUNTERACTING THE CHILL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It isn't every one who can enjoy him or herself under any and all circumstances. To many, for instance, a sea bath at Coney Island is a penitential performance. But the ladies in our picture know how to make it endurable. If you don't think so, try their recipe yourself and see whether champagne isn't good to counteract the chill.

## SOCIETY AFLOAT.

The "Police Gazette" Goes to Meet George Gould and Makes Him Feel Good.

As soon as the Atlanta got back from Irvington, with instructions to receive George Gould on his return from London, the society reporter of the POLICE GAZETTE received this gilt-edged telegram, expressly got up, in spite of the strike, for Richard K. Fox. It was polite but peremptory:

To Richard K. Fox:

George home to-day. Meet him personally or send representative. Good time there. JAY GOULD.

The POLICE GAZETTE despatch boat was lying with steam up at Peck Slip. Her crew, all attired in blue Guernseys with the words POLICE GAZETTE embroidered on their manly breasts, were mustered forward. The captain and his two first mates in appropriate uniform, with the initials R. K. F., stood by the gangway. A POLICE GAZETTE distributing van, full of boned turkey and cases of champagne, was quickly relieved of its contents, which were transferred to the pantry of the despatch boat.

Amid the cheers of the populace (who were kept in order by the off platoons of the Oak street police) and the shrieking of countless steam whistles, the despatch boat got under way. By the terms of the contract under which she was built she steams twenty miles an hour, so that before the reporter could realize that he had left Peck Slip he had arrived off Staten Island and was lying alongside the Atlanta.

A comparison of the two boats would have been preposterous. Handsome as Mr. Gould's yacht may be outside any such competition, its inferiority to the pleasure craft of Richard K. Fox is actually painful. It was easy, and yet to a sensitive mind distressing, to see the expression of envy and chagrin which came over the faces of Mr. Gould's officers and crew when the pride of Mr. Fox's flotilla forged alongside.

Capt. Shackford, who was snatching a moment's repose, hurriedly turned out in his best uniform to receive the reporter, and acting under his orders, the boatswain piped "all hands man the gangway."

"Is Richard K. Fox aboard?" inquired the gallant Shackford, in a voice trembling with pride and expectation.

"No! He can't get away. But he has sent his society reporter."

A murmur of disappointment came from the Atlanta's crew, but Captain Shackford remarked fervently: "Thank God! It might have been worse."

Grasping the side ropes, the reporter, in another minute, was aboard the vaunted craft of the billionaire. "You must excuse the simplicity of everything aboard of us," exclaimed Captain Shackford. "Of course, after the splendor to which Richard K. Fox has accustomed you, it must look very mean and poverty stricken. Mr. George Gould's steamer has been sighted off Sandy Hook and, if you have no objection, we'll get under way at once."

The reporter affably nodded, and the Atlanta began her trip of welcome. As she drew alongside the great liner, a boyish figure leaned over the taffrail of the big ship and cried: "Is that Popper?"

"No," roared Captain Shackford, through his speaking trumpet. "Your pa's home with a bilious attack. It's Richard K. Fox's society reporter."

"Hoary!" cried Mr. Gould, with enthusiasm.

A stout man with a red face in a b. linen hat and a chequered suit immediately fell overboard, but was promptly picked up. He was an English carl, and the announcement was made too suddenly for his nerves.

"I take it very kindly of Richard K. Fox," said George Gould, as he divided a genuine imported Bologna sausage with the society reporter on the way up to the city, "that he has taken the trouble to have me welcomed by one of his high-priced representatives in this extravagant and flattering manner. I was not prepared for such a reception, really," and a tear stood in each of his eyes. "To have been greeted with a fresh baten of torpedoes by the striking operators, or a brick or a dead cat or something, would have seemed natural; but this is too too much," and he turned to hide his feelings in a schooner of Milwaukee.

"How are things in Europe?" inquired the reporter, as they neared Quarantine.

Only so, so," replied George Gould, "only so, so. However, they are expecting a howling old time in Paris next year."

"The deuce they are—a revolution?"

"Bigger'n that," responded Mr. Gould, with a meaning nod. "They expect the greatest circus they've ever had."

"Indeed! On what grounds?"

"Why, a report got all over that Richard K. Fox is going to spend two months there. It'll be the biggest boom they've had in France during the century."

By this time the Atlanta was off Robb's Reef Light, and the fatal moment of parting was very near.

"That reminds me!" cried George Gould eagerly, as his eyes fell upon the superb vessel which represents the POLICE GAZETTE in New York harbor. "Have popper and Richard K. Fox fixed up a trade yet?"

"A trade?" inquired the reporter with a heart-sickening fear that Mr. Fox might be contemplating the exchange of his magnificent newspaper property for that waterlogged concern, the Western Union.

"Yes," replied George Gould. "I wired popper from Europe to arrange if he could for a deal with Mr. Fox for his new yacht, no matter on what terms. We've got to get her if it breaks us."

As the gold plated silver launch which is used for a dingy by the POLICE GAZETTE despatch boat came alongside the Atlanta to receive the reporter a sudden yellor came over the interesting features of George Gould.

"It—hold on!" he stammered.

"What's it?" cried the reporter.

"Is—is it true?" shouted George Gould, a prey to the most obvious embarrassment and apprehension. "Is what true?" asked the reporter, tossing in his splendid craft, on the crisp green waters of the bay.

"Is it true," came in a hoarse whisper, "that Richard K. Fox has grown a beard?"

"No!" roared the reporter, in thunder tones.

"Thank God!" cried young Gould, ecstatically. "Then there's no change in the fashions! and I'm safe for another year."

MABEL JORDAN.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Jordan is a young actress, but an excellent one. What is better still, she is not above improvement. Miss Jordan has the stuff in her for good work in the future, and time will certainly develop it.



## NEWARK'S PLAGUE SPOT.

The Old Burying Ground and the Ghouls Who Haunt It.

How the Discovery of Domine Bristor's Immoralities led to still more Startling Revelations.

Unless speedy and energetic measures are taken by the authorities of Newark, N. J., this industrious and thriving city will soon degenerate into one of the most immoral communities in the United States. In fact, in some respects it is already, as the disclosures in the case of the Rev. George Bristor, pastor of St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church, have clearly shown. These disclosures, supplemented by the results of a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent's investigations, place the city in an excessively unenviable light.

To tell the story from the beginning, it is necessary to go back to the church scandal referred to. To the surprise of many of his congregation, the Rev. George Bristor did not appear in his pulpit on Sunday, July 22. The services were conducted by another brother, and it was said that Dr. Bristor had left town. The perplexity of the church members increased when they heard the next day that a mysterious meeting of the official board had been held at the residence of Brother John C. Day, No. 1127 Broad street, on the previous evening, and that lights were burning in the house until almost daybreak, when the several gentlemen came out of the front door and hurried to their respective homes.

Later in the day the reason of Dr. Bristor's mysterious absence on Sunday, and the object of the meeting, were revealed. The pastor of St. Luke's had—to the satisfaction of the stewards, trustees and class leaders of the church, and to that of Rev. J. H. Knowles, presiding elder of the Newark district—been proven guilty of very vicious conduct. A boy, the son of a church member named Rutan had mentioned the minister's conduct to a companion the week before. The story reached Steward William R. Roberts on the 20th. He would not believe it until strong evidence was produced. The evidence was produced before the brethren on Saturday evening. The charges were formulated and presented to Dr. Bristor at his residence, No. 13 Murray street, on the same evening.

On Monday evening, the 23d ult., Bristor appeared before the presiding elder and sixteen stewards, trustees and class leaders, at Brother Day's residence. Brother James C. Rutlow, ex-president of the Newark Common Council, occupied the chair. The accused denied the charges. Three of his victims testified. On cross-examination Dr. Bristor questioned the boys with cruel severity, but they told straightforward, consistent stories. For his own sake, as well as for that of the church, the pastor was allowed every opportunity to establish his innocence. In the opinion of the brethren he failed to do so. While the members of the board sat silent and motionless, Mr. Knowles turned to the accused and told him that he could do either of two things—stand trial before an ecclesiastical court, or surrender his credentials as a minister and leave the church. Dr. Bristor chose the latter alternative and gave up his parchments. He was paid his salary to August 1, bade farewell to his brethren present, and started the same evening for Baltimore, where his father and mother reside. His wife and little child were in the meanwhile summing at Ocean Beach.

Naturally the greatest excitement was created all over Newark by this startling incident. When a representative of the POLICE GAZETTE visited the city a few days after Dr. Bristor's departure, he found it to be a general topic of conversation. He also learned from several prominent citizens—who volunteered the information on the condition of their names being kept out of print—that the peculiar vice charged against the Rev. Dr. Bristor was indulged in on an alarmingly extensive scale all over Newark.

"The old burying ground on Broad street," said he, "although within a stone's throw from police headquarters, is the nightly rendezvous of hundreds of vicious characters—some of them well dressed citizens, others, shabby looking wretches imported from New York city, who rely upon their horrible practices for a living. But go and see the firemen who occupy the buildings on Broad street adjoining the old burying ground and they will tell you more than I can."

The POLICE GAZETTE representative followed this advice. The firemen alluded to constitute Hook and Ladder Company I and Engine Company I. Each company has a brown stone building of its own and the two buildings are joined by an archway, under which one passes to reach the old burying ground from the Broad street side. The firemen found on duty were perfectly willing to tell all they knew. According to them, for the past two years, both day and night, the place has been haunted by the very lowest types of humanity. Either they have met in a small octagon zinc structure facing the sheds of W. J. Vliet, carpenter, or they have scattered themselves among the old tombstones behind the hook and ladder house. It seems that one of their daily, and latterly their nightly companions, was no less a personage than Dr. Bristor himself. Said one of the firemen touching this subject:

"For the past six months the man has been a familiar figure in this neighborhood, and although we would not positively swear that he was up to anything wrong, we must say that his movements were exceedingly suspicious. He would be constantly ropping in and out of that small structure (see illustration) for hours together, or we would see him with those other rascals lounging suspiciously among tombstones."

"Have you done anything to abate the nuisance?" "I should rather think we had, considering some of these prowlers have actually attempted to molest us. Yes, sir, time and time again we have marched out and drubbed them within an inch of their lives, but they reappear nevertheless. There are so very many of them, you see, and unfortunately they find patronage enough to encourage them to stay. I tell you, it's a terrible thing to contemplate."

"But why don't the city authorities suppress the evil?" "Well, I guess for the same reason that they have neglected to call Bristor to account. They are afraid that the publication of such matters might tend to corrupt the morals of our youth, and I guess in that respect they are right."

## A PHILADELPHIA SCANDAL.

A civil suit for \$5,000 damages was commenced yesterday, in Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, by John H. Lucas, against his former employer, Alorzo L. Jones. Lucas claims that the affections of his wife,

Sallie H. Lucas, were alienated through the influence of Jones. Two years ago the complainant alleges he was enjoying a happy life with his wife, when Jones, "envying his condition and desiring to ruin his peace, commenced to lead his wife from the path of virtue, and in pursuance of this nefarious design made her presents and took her upon excursions and parties." Finally, in September, 1881, Jones induced Mrs. Lucas to go with him to Washington and to Norfolk, Va., where they remained for several days. Notwithstanding the fact that the defendant has a wife in Philadelphia, Lucas asserts that Jones persisted in his unlawful conduct up to July 20 last. The defendant, it is asserted, has wholly ruined the happiness of Lucas and has deprived him of the love and companionship of his wife for more than a year past. Judge Biddle fixed the bail for Jones at \$1,000.

## DEATH OF A KU-KLUX CHIEF.

The death of John Gilham, the central figure of the ku-klux era in South Carolina, recalls the doings of that secret body of night riders. In 1869 Gilham, who was a man of good family and some property, took a prominent part in the clan of which he was a member. One night two negroes were murdered in a most brutal manner by a band of ku klux, and the evidence of Gilham's complicity was so strong that a warrant was issued for his arrest, to avoid which he fled from home, and found refuge with a Mr. Gay, near Newman, Ga. Here he has lived for fourteen years, avoiding human beings, two large pistols buckled around him, and living in constant dread of arrest. Mr. Gay lives just between the swamps of Keg and Line creeks, and in these swamps Gilham passed the greater part of his time. He was a terror to all the negroes who knew him, who related fearful stories they had in some way learned of his past life. Though he had lived more than fourteen years in the county, not more than fifty white people knew of his existence. For a long time Gilham has been subject to cramps. One day last week he was in the swamp alone when one of these cramps attacked him, rendering him utterly helpless. A negro man passing by in a little while was requested by the sick man to inform Mr. Gay's family of his condition, but this he refused to do, thus inflicting retribution for the crime perpetrated upon two of his race fourteen years before. For our hours he lay in the swamp, suffering untold pain, when he was rescued by a seining party, but too late to save him, for he soon died.

## A SPORTING MAN'S PISTOL.

Doc Smitt, a well known sporting man from Atlanta, Ga., invited Policeman Keit into a saloon at Jacksonville, Fla., for a glass of beer. On entering the saloon Kelt went immediately to the counter while Smitt stopped near the door. A few words passed concerning some one's fighting qualities, when Kelt drew a handkerchief and in a jocular way stepped forward and, flinging it in the direction where Smitt was standing, said: "Oh, hush, Doc, I could knock you down with my handkerchief." Smitt held up his stick and told Kelt not to advance toward him another step; if he did he (Smitt) would shoot him. Kelt thinking Smitt was joking, again threw his handkerchief in the direction of Smitt, when the latter deliberately drew a pistol and fired three times one ball passing through the officer's thigh, inflicting a painful wound. Smitt walked out over to his own saloon, which is opposite, got a shotgun, passed through the back door going to the street, and went in the direction of the woods. An immense crowd followed and arrested him after he had gone five blocks. There was much talk of lynching, but the more thoughtful protected him, and he was finally locked up. Smitt went to Jacksonville in January from Atlanta, and opened the Leander saloon. He conducted himself quietly, though he drank a good deal, until June 23, when he shot another barkeeper, named Haze. For this offence he was placed under bond for appearance.

## HIDING HER SHAME.

Several weeks since Dooly county, Ga., was thrown into a sensation over the discovery of a dead infant, which gave evidence of being murdered. Its maternity was traced to Miss Emma Bullard, hitherto a highly respected young lady. She was at once placed under arrest, but her condition was such that her removal to jail could not be attempted, and a guard was detailed to watch her until she recovered. The rumor gained credence that she would be spirited away by her relatives, who are wealthy. On July 19 the guard was aroused by parties around the house, whom he dispersed by a lively use of his revolver. On the night following still another demonstration was made, after which the guard was increased. Three nights after, while the guard was at supper, the house was again surrounded by masked men, who ordered the guard to be prudent and lie low. Meantime Miss Bullard was ushered into a carriage, the sound of whose wheels were soon lost in the distance.

## VICTOR SMITH.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Smith is one of the most noted Nimrods of the West. He is well known throughout Dakota and the hunting grounds of the Northwest. Among his exploits is the killing of 103 buffaloes on one hunt. During a trip in the Yellowstone region he, with but one skinner, realized from one hunt of 19 days, the handsome sum of \$1,076, not counting 80 wolves still on hand, the market price of which is \$3 each. He sold the hides on the ground thereby losing \$500, which was the clear gain of the freighters, hauling them to market.

## GOING FOR FRISKY GAME.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A party of cowboys, who lately went to Denver to see the sights, created quite a sensation in one of the variety theatres in that city. They were overpowered by the attractions of some of the dizzy blondes that displayed their charms upon the stage, and each was resolved to capture one of the gay gazelles. They went about it in true Western style. There was no soft-solder or ice cream and soda water about their courting, but with their trusty lariats they just yanked in the girl of their choice.

## THEY RAN HIM IN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A couple of the gay girls of an up town precinct walked into the station house last week supporting a paralytically drunken police man between them. They stated that they had found him asleep in an alleyway, and as he had often taken care of them they thought it was only fair for them to return the compliment. Their excuse was accepted and the copper was put into his little bed.

## A SURPRISED HUSBAND.

His Wife, Who but Lately Joined Him after a Long Absence, Becomes a Mother.

About three o'clock on the morning of July 31, a private watchman at the Mowry car wheel works, Cincinnati, noticed a trim looking young woman acting in a manner that told something was wrong with her. He mentioned what he had seen to some policeman whom he met a short time later. It was not long before the officers met the woman coming out of the yard of Mr. Louis Glenn. They stopped her, and Sergt. Brooks questioned her as to being out at such an untimely hour.

She was nervous and trembling, and her statements did not satisfy the officers, who conducted her to the station house, with the impression that she was deranged. Although she conversed intelligently and was of lady-like appearance, the lieutenant would not allow her to depart, and made a bed for her. She grew weaker and weaker, and could hardly have gone far had the officers let her go. At 5 o'clock she was placed on the first street car going in the direction where she said she lived. Her name could not be learned.

Nothing further was thought of the affair until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when a newly born, healthy looking girl baby was found lying in the grass in the corner of Mr. Glenn's yard, whence the mysterious woman was seen to emerge in the morning. The child, alive but considerably sunburnt from exposure, was taken in and cared for by Mrs. Glenn. Search was at once commenced for the woman, and it was soon found that she was Mrs. Mary Nicol, of 53 Strader avenue, the wife of Wm. Nicol, a machinist, employed at the Little Miami Roundhouse, Pendleton. Mr. Nicol was greatly surprised when told of the occurrence, as his wife came from Scotland only six weeks ago, and he has been here two years. They have a girl two-and-a-half years old, which was but a few weeks old when he left the old country.

Mrs. Nicol was at home and delirious, and could not be seen. She denied having given birth to the child, but admitted to Dr. Carver, her attending physician, that she had had a miscarriage in the afternoon. There is, however, every indication that she is the mother of the babe found in Mr. Glenn's yard, and that the little stranger came into the world a few minutes before she was met by the policemen. The lady is about 25 years of age and very prepossessing in appearance. Her husband is, as might be supposed, all broken up over the affair and will talk but little. He says, however, that if his wife is a mother he is not the father at this particular instance. A flannel garment, in which the child was wrapped, was last night identified as belonging to Mrs. Nicol.

## AN UNWRITTEN TRAGEDY.

Discovery of the Skeletons of a Horse and Man in Wyoming.

Mr. Aleck Lute and a companion, while hunting in the section of the country lying between the two forks of Dutton creek, about 35 miles from Laramie, Wyoming, came upon the skeleton of a horse lying under a tree, and from a limb above dangled a short piece of rope—old and rotten, as though exposed to the elements for some time. While his companion was looking at the bones, Mr. Lute, who was standing near him, had his attention attracted to a singular pile of stones near by, and approaching it he discovered, lying within a low wall of rocks, a human skeleton. Examining the surroundings more closely they found that the bones in several places bore marks resembling bullet holes, as though the man had been shot. Returning to the skeleton of the horse similar marks were found, as though the animal had shared its master's fate while tied to the limb above.

It is evident that a thrilling scene once took place on this ground, and that some man, whose name has long since been placed on the list of "missing," gave up his life here after a desperate struggle. A prospector, probably, heading for Utah or California, stopped to eat his noonday meal or perhaps camped for the night, tying his horse to the only tree of any size in that locality, which was on a small eminence. Attacked by Indians, or perhaps warned by signs which indicated that they were near, he endeavored to build a small wall of stones about him to protect him before the red devils had approached near enough to prevent, then laid down inside his little fort and prepared to sell his life dearly. The redskins at first shot his horse, cutting off all chance for his escape, and finally carried his little castle in which the owner was lying. The section of country thereabout was fairly alive with Indians not many years ago, and it is only reasonable to suppose that they killed the man whose bones had lain so long in the shelter of the stone wall. The murderers made a clean job of it by carrying away almost everything but the body of their victim. Only a few pieces of what seemed to have been a coat and a few remnants of an old blanket were found.

## REVIVAL OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

There appears lately to have been a revival in some parts of Georgia of vigilance committees of the character that was known shortly after the close of the war as ku-klux klans. Their operations in the north-east counties of the State have been of an outrageous character.

The cabin of Banks, a colored man living in Hall county, was visited, and he was given a good beating because he had pushed a white lady off a railroad track. A negro woman was soundly whipped below Harmony Grove, and she said it was all because she did not keep her cotton clean. A negro boy, also near Harmony Grove, was whipped and shot in the cheek because he made so much fuss. The parties are unknown, and embrace a good number. A case of the same kind was tried in Pullman district recently. Mr. John Haynes, with a travelling thrasher, stopped one night at the house of Elisha Smallwood. After going to bed they were aroused by men calling at the gate. Smallwood went out, talked with the party, came back into the house and lit a lamp. Three masked men then came in. Haynes awoke and said laughingly that they were a queer looking set of men. One of the party drew a pistol, presented it at Haynes, and without speaking motioned him to be quiet. The other two then went to a bed where Dock, son of Mr. Haynes, was lying, dragged him out into the yard and whipped him unmercifully. Smallwood and a man named Ferguson, living in White county, were bound over to the Hall

County Superior Court, Smallwood as accessory before the fact. The others were not arrested.

The Ku-Klux outrages in the neighborhood of Maysville, Banks county, continue, and the citizens are entirely powerless to check the reign of terror that has been started. Reports received from Maysville state that Robert Sansern was fatally shot and two other men killed. It is supposed that the band who are thus terrorizing the country consists of about thirty escaped convicts and desperadoes, who live in caves on the mountains.

## SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.

A Weak Minded Child Debauched by a Drunkard Father.

From the town of Shickshinny, in the Luzerne coal fields, Pennsylvania, comes a horrible tale of a father debauching his weak minded daughter. Living in the outskirts of the village in a building denoting the most abject squalor the objects of charity were Adam C. Getts and Annie, his 16-year old daughter. Getts is noted for his general slovenliness, and what sympathy was bestowed on the family was drawn thereto by the invalid girl, who was rendered diminutive in size and devoid of reason by ravages of scarlet fever. The mother of the girl has been dead for several years. When it became known that Getts had debauched his daughter public horror knew no bounds. How long the wretch had so conducted himself is not known, but threats terrorized the girl into silence, and not until the public was attracted by her condition was the great wrong suspected. The overseers of the poor were instructed to inquire into the matter, and accompanied by officers they visited the home of Getts, finding him in a drunken stupor, his person unkempt and looking more brute than human. In the same room, utterly careless of the presence of strangers, was found the girl, apparently famishing for food, for she was on her knees beside the wall, tearing pieces of paper from the walls, which she eagerly masticated and swallowed, evincing satisfaction at the meal she was enjoying. The scene was one of disgust and pity; one calling for vengeance and charity. Proper attention was at once paid to the needs of the young woman, and suitable clothing being provided, she was conveyed to the insane hospital at Danville. The brute father was taken into custody and lodged in the county prison at Wilkesbarre, to await trial for his fearful crime.

## A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

One of the most fiendish and brutal outrages which has ever occurred in Kansas is reported from Axtell, a small town in Northern Kansas. It seems that a lad named Charles Curtis living in that town, aged 17, was accused of having stolen a silver cup and a gold chain and locket from a Miss Rillander. He was brought before Justice Stout for trial and pleaded not guilty, the trial being adjourned until 10 o'clock the following day, the constable taking the boy to a place of safety and incarceration. On the way some pistol shots were fired for the purpose, perhaps, of scaring the boy and intimidation. At once a dozen masked men surrounded the constable and prisoner, threw a shawl over his head and put a rope around his neck. In this manner he was dragged a great distance and finally hung up to a small tree, which gave way with his weight. Next he was led down to a large one, and again hung up and asked to confess his guilt and disclose where the articles were. This he refused, denying that he took them. Again he was hung up and let down, but with the same result. He then used some of the masked fiends by name for their mean treatment of him. For the third time he was hung, and when taken down was apparently lifeless, but gradually he returned to consciousness and still maintained his plea of not guilty. Seeing he would die, he told them that his brother had the goods, whither the mob went, and came back finding it untrue. He then stated that the goods were hidden near an old tree and bridge some ten miles out, but they were not found there. In this way he gained time and saved his life. The trial resulted in an acquittal before a jury with an attorney for the defence appearing.

## A CLEVER COUPLE.

Two Western Men Who Bought Lottery Tickets in Partnership—And Divided \$15,000 Between Them.

Yesterday afternoon two gentlemen of good appearance presented themselves at the office of The Louisiana State Lottery Company to collect \$15,000, one-fifth of the capital prize drawn by ticket No. 37,343, at the last monthly drawing, on the 10th inst. One was Gus Botto, proprietor of the Grand Opera Saloon, Cairo, Ill., and the other A. B. Gibson, of Carmi, Ill., a passenger conductor on the Cairo Division of the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Railroad.

"We're in partnership in this ticket," said one of them to a reporter. "We've been taking tickets together for six months. About three weeks before the drawing we contributed five dollars apiece and invested in ten one-fifth tickets. We only paid one dollar for this little prize, but it brought us \$15,000 fifteen thousand dollars."

Mr. Botto explained that he had been playing lottery on his own account for ten years. He won \$150 the month before last, and had also got his money back on an approximation prize in the drawing just over.

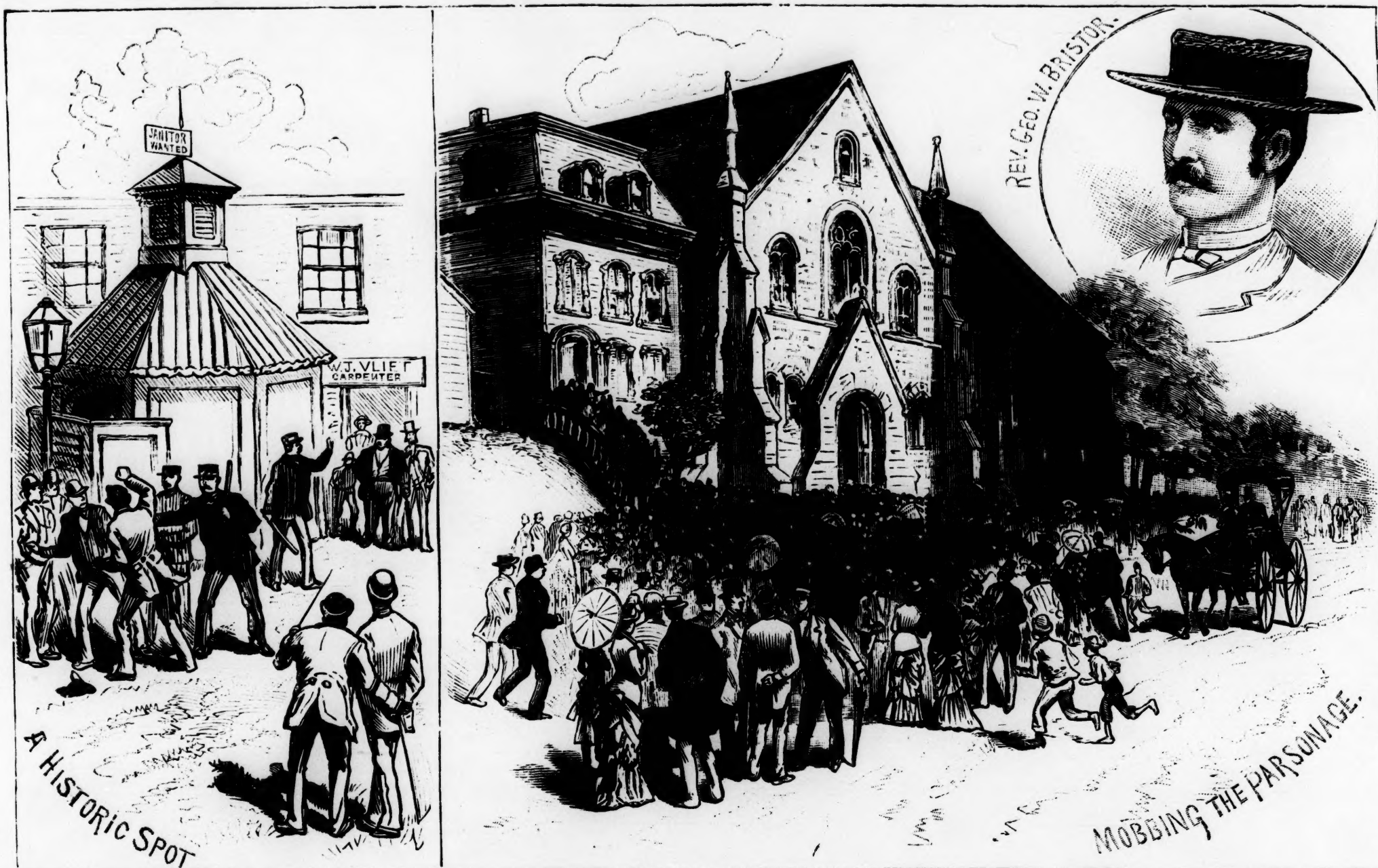
Mr. Gibson also played before and since the partnership, but never had the good fortune to win until his half of fifteen thousand dollars at one time.

"How did you become aware of your having won?" "A despatch reached Cairo soon after the number which drew the capital prize of \$75,000 had been announced," said Mr. Botto. "Mr. Gibson was on his train and was telegraphed to come to Cairo immediately. He came, and together with Messrs. H. H. Melner and J. M. Booker, as invited guests, we started off for New Orleans to collect the money and have a little fun."

Mr. Gibson is a Kentuckian and married. He has been in his present position on the railroad since 1876. Mr. Botto has been in Cairo since 1865, and has always been engaged in the saloon business. They said that they had not yet decided what to do with the magnificent return of their one dollar investment. Both are comfortably established, but it is possible they may form a partnership to conduct some business in the near future.

As the reporter shook hands with the lucky strangers, \$15,000 was handed over to them across the counter at the Lottery office.—New Orleans (La.) Picayune, July 13.





## NEWARK'S BIG CLERICAL SCANDAL.

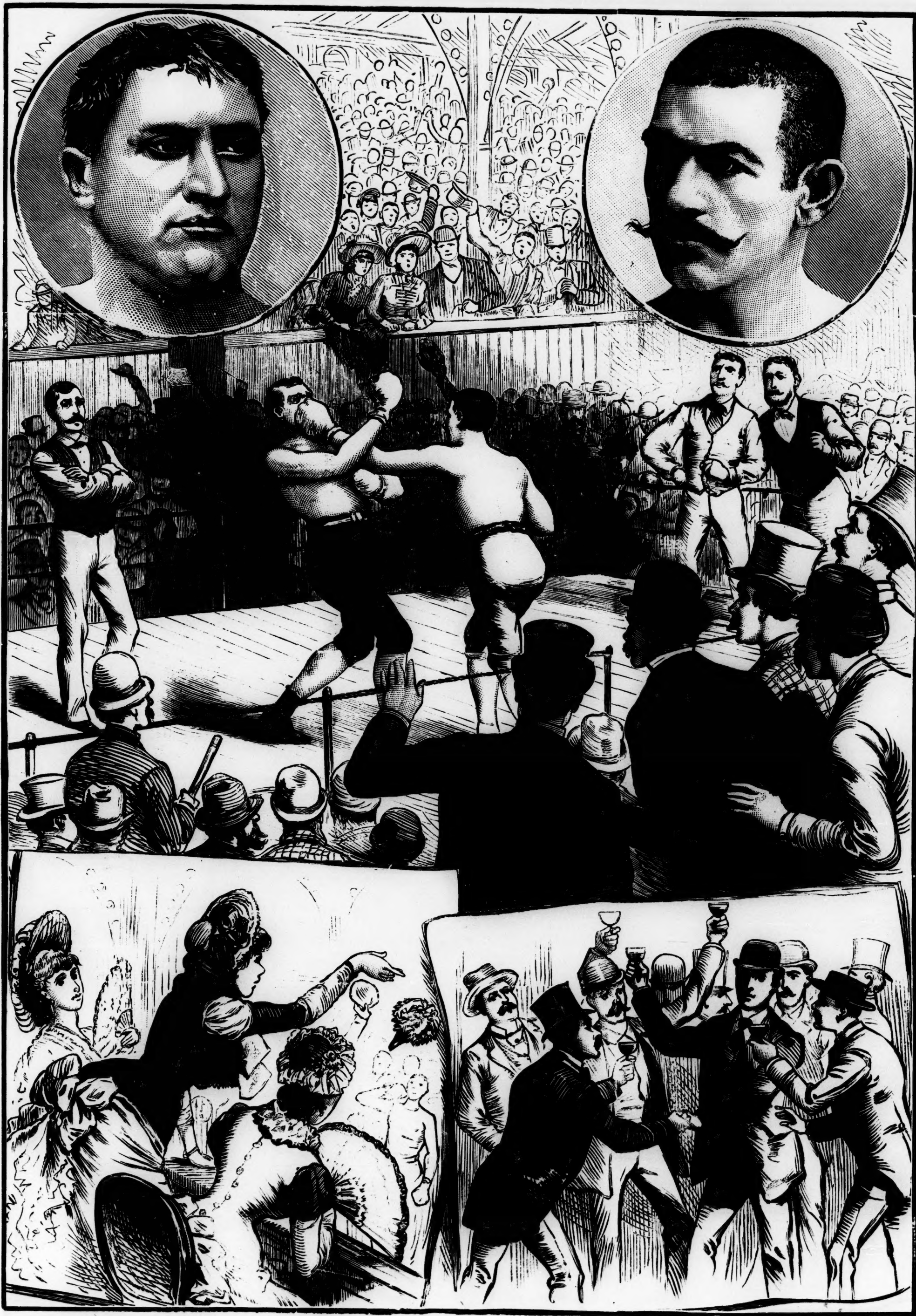
ST. LUKE'S M. E. CHURCH AND PARSONAGE WHERE DOMINE BRISTOR COMMITTED HIS ACTS OF IMMORALITY—FIREMEN DRIVING HIM AND HIS GHOULS OFF THE OLD BURYING GROUND.



## BAFFLED OUTLAWS

EX-POLICEMAN NUGENT AND HIS PALS, FARRELL AND EMERSON, MAKE AN INEFFECTUAL EFFORT TO IMITATE THE JAMES BROTHERS' TACTICS IN HOBOKEN, N. J.





## THE CHAMPION STILL VICTORIOUS.

THE MEETING OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN AND HERBERT A. SLADE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, ON AUGUST 6th, FOR A FULL ACCOUNT OF WHICH SEE PAGE 2.



## THE PRIZE RING.

## Some of the Early Fights of James Ward, the Old English Gladiator.

## Western Pugilists Coming to the Front with Challenges—Men who are Anxious for Fistic Honors.

A public man whose span of life bridges over the wide space of time between "the days when the Third George was King," embraces the reigns of the Fourth and last George, of William the sailor monarch, and runs far into the rule of our sovereign lady Queen Victoria deserves some record, some retrospective review of the distant past in which our grandfathers and James Ward rustled through and fought "the battle of life." In times when the prize ring was an institution, its professors popular, and when a "merry mill" was sport enjoyed by prince, peer and peasant, and its holidays attended by his grace in his carriage, my lord in his four-in-hand, the Meltonian on his bit of blood, sporting pub, in his buggy, the tradesman in his taxed cart, the well-to-do woman in his "shay," the "donkey dragon" on his Jerusalem charger, and "the majority of the people" on Shank's mare—in a word, the popular attraction of all classes. Glances of these old times, and the men who fought are all of interest, and the following sketch of the career of James Ward by one who knew him for half a century will be acceptable to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE.

James, the eldest of the seven children of Nicholas Ward, was born on the 26th of December, 1800, the day of all days in the year, known as "boxing day," so says "Pugilistica." James's own book, however, places the date as the 14th of the same month in the same year. The matter is of little importance. At the age of 15 James was earning his own living as a rigger in the docks, and thereafter served as boy on board a collier, conveying coal from Sunderland and Shields to the port of London. He next aspired to the lucrative, but laborious, calling of a road-whipper, whence came his early sobriquet of the "Black Diamond." James soon became the lion of a sparring club at Bromley, New Town, and several anecdotes are preserved of his skill, activity and strength when opposed to professional visitors from "the far West," who took a turn in boxing those oriental regions to test the ability of aspirants, though, as a rule, the stalwart, hardy, strong-limbed and sound-winded culkers, riggers, bargemen, ship carpenters and ballast getters were his formidable opponents in glove encounters.

The fame of the youngster spread, and, at a sparring display which took place in the year 1821 at the Red Lion, White Chapel, for the benefit of John Bann, "the Pink of Bow," it was arranged to pit a professional against James as a "trial horse." A Boston man, known to ring-goers as "Iron Face," or "Rasher," "the Hardy Mountaineer," who had fought Josh Hudson and twice beaten Joe Spencer, was selected. Young James, being kindly "whispered" as to the formidable powers of his adversary, was nowise daunted—indeed, expressed his satisfaction at having so loud-named a celebrity to contend with. Nor was his confidence ungrounded; his style electrified the "nardy" Rasher as much as it surprised the spectators, and after several rough bouts, in which the "Black Diamond" shone as a gem of the first water, poor Rasher, baffled, buffeted, blown and half-blinded, declared his adversary to be "a plant," and no "novice," adding a request to some of his West End companions to "just put on the mittens and take the rest of a good licking."

Thadwell and Wapping were now too narrow for James's ambition, and accordingly, on Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1822, on the occasion of the benefit of Harry Sutton and Gylberts, at the Fries court, young Ward was introduced to the aristocratic patrons of pugilism, and Joe Spencer, already mentioned, was pitted against the newcomer. In the *Annals of Sporting* for February, 1822, we read: "The principal novelty was the introduction of a new 'Black Diamond' from the East, and, although a little in the rough, his shining qualities peeped out so far that curiosity asked: 'Who is he?' 'Where does he come from?' 'This novice will be no catch for anything under twelve stone,' and so forth. The replies were: 'His name is Ward; he is an East End'er; he has put the quilt on all who've tried him; he's a sharp one in a turn up; what he may be in the ring is another question; however, he can be backed against anything at twelve stone, barring 'the Gas.' 'His nob,' says another authority, 'is a fighting one, and he received loud encouragement from the amateurs present.' 'The Gas' here alluded to was Thomas Hickman, then in the foremost rank of pugilists, his defeat by Neal of Bristol, in the previous year having raised his reputation rather than lowered it. His death, only two months later, by a gig accident on Finchley Common, in returning from Josh Hudson's and Strutton's fight, December 10, 1822, removed the only exception in the challenge sent forth by Ward. The fancy were not slow in canvassing the claims of Ward, and a purse was quickly raised for the purpose of testing his capabilities. Dick Acton, a protégé of Bill Eates, 'the scientific,' was named as his opponent, and Moulsey Hurst as the *champs*. On Wednesday, June 12, 1822, the battle came off. Acton was seconded by Tom Spring, the champion, and Bill Eates; Ward by Josh Hudson and Paddington Jeter. The report of the battle in the *Weekly Dispatch* shows in every line the superior tactics of Ward. 'His science, activity and straight hitting,' says the writer, 'satisfied his backers that he was calculated to make a name in the milling world. Acton was too slow to meet such an opponent.'

Anxious to keep his hand in, Ward challenged Jack Martin (the "Master of the Rolls"), for £150 a side, but this match went off.

On the 10th of September, 1822, jolly Josh Hudson defeated Barlow in six sharp rounds, occupying six minutes, at Harpenden, near St. Albans, and the "fancy" were all *enraptured* after a journey of over 20 miles, when Josh, having put on his clothes, went around the ring and announced that the needful (£20) being ready, Burke, of Woolwich (brother to the Burke who fought Randall) would dispute the possession of the purse with any comer. Hereupon, "our James" modestly presented himself to the assembled members of the Pugilistic club who offered the prize, and the men's tolls being quickly made, the contest began. Tom Oliver and Abbot seconded Burke; Tom Shelton and "Cleary" from Waterloo, in Ward. The Woolwich man could never get at James at all, so rushed to a close and wrestling, never failing to get severe

punishment at half arm, and finally fell a beaten man at the end of seven minutes, declaring he had had "enough!"

James's next ring encounter was with Bill Abbott, whose defeats of Dick Hares, Dolly Smith, Plutoman, the veteran Tom Oliver and the youthful Paul Sampson had raised to an eminence from which he soon after fell. We shall dismiss this discreditable affair with the remark that on this occasion Ward listed to the voice of the tempter and sold the fight, which took place at Moulsey, Oct. 22, 1822. The 22 rounds of the battle, with the disgraceful details, may be read in "Pugilistica," vol. ii. p. 265, by those who are curious in such matters.

On the following evening a numerous meeting of sporting men was held at the One Tun, Jermyn street, to investigate the affair, when, after hearing evidence, all bets were declared off, and a second meeting appointed at Tattersall's on Monday, Nov. 4. On this occasion the president of the Daily Club (Mr. Soares) offered half the stakes, £50, to each of the backers, which they refused, when he returned the £100 to his pocket and left the meeting. The matter being referred to the Pugilistic club and Mr. John Jackson, the stakes were finally declared to be drawn.

Although the "cross" was clearly proved, we cannot help remarking that James's inexperience and his temper's influence may well weigh in extenuating, if not excusing, his false step. On James's appearance before the club, he burst into tears, and, admitting his misconduct, stated that he had been instigated to lose by his principal backer, who had promised him £100. Bill Eates, who was Ward's second, further said: "Toward the conclusion of the battle I told Ward to go in and win it, which he could have done, but was greatly surprised when Ward replied: 'I've got my orders: I must not win.' At the close of the meeting honest old Tom Cribb came forward and, in an animated way, declared that Ward was an ignorant and deluded young man; that he believed he had been led away; that he had told the truth, and as a proof of his opinion, he presented him with a sovereign, several gentlemen following his example.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Jimmy Brunswick's saloon and sporting hall, "Tell Nuyde," Col., on July 26 it was announced that \$25 would be offered to any pugilist who would stand up before the Unknown and fight four rounds, Queensberry rules. The exhibition opened with a set-to between Jack Hogan, of City Marshes, and Jim Bishop, the sheriff of the county, who fought four desperate rounds. After a few set-tos the manager introduced the Unknown, who turned out to be Frank White, of Montana. Mike Donahue, better known as "Wason," agreed to attempt to win the \$5. Both were tall, muscular specimens of humanity, and each weighed in the neighborhood of 200 lbs.

Chess Greenwood acted as second for White, while Elmer Waters, a noted sporting man of this section, old a similar office for Donahue. Bob Vroman was chosen timekeeper and referee. At the call of time both men advanced for round 1st. As they put up their hands the contrast in size and condition was noticeable. White, who is the picture of physical manhood, and who has evidently taken good care of himself, towered above Donahue, who is four inches shorter and weighs twenty pounds less and presented quite a beely appearance. White let no time in opening as he advanced to Mike's corner, with the intention, no doubt, of making short work of it. He was met, however, by Mike's right, which caught him fairly on the mouth, a tremendous blow, which rather checked his impetuosity and suggested more caution. Mike, encouraged by his success and the applause of his friends, now rushed in to close, and succeeded in delivering some telling blows. White, who did not appear to be doing any fighting, so far, to speak of, now astonished the crowd by lifting Mike a vicious upper cut, which fairly lifted him off the floor, and landed him on his back, feet up. As three minutes had expired, the men retired to their respective corners. Time being called for the second round, the men advanced to the centre of the ring. White seemed determined that this round should be the last, and it certainly looked that way, as Mike appeared tired, and out of wind; he, however, let off, and in the exchange of blows that followed he hit his own cut a clinef, when by his superior wrestling, he succeeded in throwing his opponent, and added his weight to the fall.

This considerably jarred White, who was rather slow to his feet, but when up he came fighting, and punished Mike severely, with very little damage in return. They closed, however, and after a short tussle White was again thrown. At this juncture a fight occurred in the rear part of the hall, in which several were engaged. Pistols were drawn, and several persons were beaten over the head by weapons. The confusion was so great that the ring was broken up, and as there was no probability of a continuation of the contest, Vroman, the referee, declared it a draw, which opinion was shared by the majority present. Friends of both parties are endeavoring to arrange a match within two weeks, for \$500 a side.

Beane Carson, of Dillon, Idaho, a well known sporting man, having read that John L. Sullivan said that he could knock Paddy Ryan "out" in one round, writes as follows to the POLICE GAZETTE:

"I will bet one thousand dollars (\$1,000) that he cannot do it; or I will bet \$500 that I can name three men in Montana that he cannot knock out in three rounds."

At Pittsburgh, on July 27, Coyle, a local bruiser tried to whip Jimmy Weeden, the lightweight pugilist, in front of the latter's saloon. Coyle tackled the wrong party, for in about two minutes he found himself being used as a mop to wipe up the sidewalk with. As soon as a policeman showed up Jimmy turned the man over to him. Coyle was subsequently sent to jail for ten days by Deputy Mayor Porter.

## PROUD OF HIS BRIDE.

At a small station near Kalamazoo, Mich., a strapping youth boarded the train, leading by the hand a blushing rustic maid. Taking his stand in full view of everybody, he orated:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is my wife, Mrs. Heuffer. Ain't she a daisy?"

He proudly exhibited his prize to the amused observers through a 50 mile ride with an exemplification of the enticements he had used to win her. Arrived at Buchanan, the happy pair alighted in the presence of a large crowd assembled to greet them. Again the groom announced:

"Ladies and gents, my wife. Ain't she a darling?"

As the train moved on the passengers waved their handkerchiefs and applauded, and the happy and not-ashamed-for-everybody-to-know-it pair were left to their rare and singular felicity.

## HOBOKEN'S BIG SENSATION.

The Story of the Attempt to Rob Cashier Smith, of Orange, N. J., in a Railroad Depot.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

The attempted robbery of Cashier Smith, of the Orange National Bank, on July 28, in a local passenger train in the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad depot, Hoboken, N. J., was one of the sensations of the hour in New York last week. The robbery appears to have been planned systematically, and it failed only through a series of unexpected circumstances.

Mr. Smith has been in the habit for many years of going to the Irving Bank, New York city, to exchange drafts and get money. He frequently carried as much as \$40,000 and \$50,000 in cash and negotiable bonds, in an ordinary travelling satchel. Saturday morning, July 28, about 10 o'clock, he left the Irving Bank with a satchel containing \$10,000 in cash. He was followed to Hoboken by three men, who afterwards proved to be the notorious ex policeman, John Nugent, of Manhattan Bank robbery fame, Pete Emerson, alias "Banjo Pete," and Ned Farrell, all well known criminals, in a two wheeled top covered wagon, with a magnificent mare. When Smith got off the boat the men followed and drove the wagon along side the railroad fence.

The cashier entered the second car and seated himself in about the centre. He stood the satchel on the floor adjacent to the window, while he sat on the other end, thus occupying the entire seat. He placed his foot on the satchel, and was preparing to get into a comfortable position for the ride to Orange, when Nugent entered the car. Several of the passengers observed him, and as his face was blackened, he was supposed to be a laborer or a railroad man. Nugent stopped when he got behind Cashier Smith, and taking a piece of lead pipe, about 18 inches in length, he struck him a blow on the back of the head, below the base of the skull.

Mr. Smith, without making an outcry, turned partly around in his seat to see who was his assailant, and he saw Nugent with the murderous look on his uplifted face. The first impulse of the cashier was that his assailant was a lunatic, but when he got the second and third blow in almost identically the same place, he began to realize the truth. Nugent made a grab for the satchel, but failed to reach it. Meanwhile he repeatedly struck at Smith, making a desperate attempt to strike him on top of the head, but in the struggle his aim was not accurate. Mr. Smith shrieked "Help!" "Robbers!" and the cry was taken up by 12 or 15 bewildered and terrified passengers. Another of the robbers stood at the door with a revolver, and held the frightened passengers at bay. The cry was echoed outside, and in a few moments the car was surrounded by passengers and railroad men.

Nugent and the other robber, who is supposed to have been "Banjo Pete," saw their pull, and decided to abandon the robbery and flee for their lives. The two jumped the fence and tumbled into the wagon that was in waiting. The people made such an uproar by their incessant shouting that the spirited horse backed and refused to go. "Banjo Pete" seized the reins and struck the animal viciously with the whip, but he reared. Scores of people surrounded the wagon, and one of the most courageous, Mr. F. Bauer, a merchant of Orange and a friend of Cashier Smith, seized the horse by the bridle. "Let go," shouted one of the robbers, and the next instant a shot was heard, and Mr. Bauer felt a bullet pass in such close proximity to his head that he staggered and released his hold.

The robbers feared that the wagon would be surrounded, so Nugent grasped his revolver and charged on the crowd, who naturally enough scattered. He started up Ferry street, pursued at a safe distance by a howling mob. Farrell, who also jumped, fled to River street and thence started up through Newark street. "Banjo Pete" held the reins, a cocked revolver in one hand, and with the other he lashed the horse furiously. The crowd had scattered in pursuit of the other two fugitives, and "Banjo Pete" managed to get the horse started.

Farrell, after he got in front of the First National Bank, turned to the right and ran through Hudson street. Chief Donovan, who had walked leisurely from the station house, heard the uproar and saw Farrell running. The Chief had no idea what had happened, but he rushed forward and seized Farrell, saying:

"What's up?"

The fugitive turned his head from the Chief and said:

"Nothing; only I punched a man in the jaw."

The Chief turned the man's head toward him, and the two eyed each other. It was indeed a surprise. "Hello," said the Chief, as he recognized Farrell. The latter simply said:

"I know you, Chief. I'll go with you."

The Chief walked double quick with his dangerous prisoner to the station house.

As a ready stated Nugent ran up Ferry street to Hudson, thence to Court alley. A number of men pursued him and kept up a vociferous yelling, and Nugent didn't know where to go or take refuge. In the meantime somebody ran to police headquarters and shouted in the window:

"Hayes, Hayes, quick, a man has been murdered."

Roundsman Hayes was alone, but bearing the cries at a distance he leaped out of the hall window, without club or pistol. Running through Newark street toward Court alley, he met Chief Donovan with his prisoner. The Chief hastily told Hayes that another man was escaping by way of Ferry street, and he retraced his steps and started down Washington street. Hayes saw Nugent in Ferry street with something shining in his hand. He had a huge revolver with which he kept his pursuers at a safe distance.

"Look out, Hayes," shouted a man, "the fellow has got a revolver."

Hayes broke through the lines of the crowd and went for Nugent. The latter hesitated and then ran. But as the roundsman got closer and closer he stopped. The revolver was clutched in his right hand, but as Hayes got within good shooting distance, Nugent dropped the weapon behind a fence. The roundsman rushed in, and Nugent, seeing escape was impossible, surrendered.

"Banjo Pete" dashed through Newark street, with the wagon, and he turned the corner of Hudson so sharply that the vehicle almost upset. He held the reins in one hand and a revolver in the other. Through Hudson street the horse went at a frightful pace, followed by William McGinness. "Pete" turned abruptly into Second street, but unhappily for himself he made a miscalculation and ran the wagon against a tree. The horse

stopped short, and "Pete," evidently thinking that the wagon was broken, leaped out. In his excitement he jumped on to another wagon and tried to escape. But McGinness also jumped on and seized him. "Pete" had dropped his revolver, and before he could get it the officer had him secured. He drove his prisoner to the station house. The revolver had two chambers empty, and it is supposed that the prisoner fired at Mr. Bauer, of Orange, and also at another man who attempted to stop the horse in Ferry street.

Two days after this exciting event Nugent and Farrell pleaded guilty to highway robbery and were promptly sentenced to a term of ten years in State Prison. Emerson will stand his trial.

## ROW ON A RACE TRACK.

A tumult, exceeding in violence any that has heretofore occurred under the present management of Monmouth Park, occurred at the close of the fourth race on July 31, which was a free handicap sweepstakes, in which Monitor, Parole, Topsy and four other flyers were engaged at a mile and three-eighths. The finish was very close between Topsy, Monitor and Parole. Monitor came on the inside near the judges, Topsy on the outside and Parole between the two. To most of the crowd who were looking across at Monitor he appeared to win by a neck and shoulders. To the judges, who sight across from the opposite side of the track, Topsy won by a head, and they gave her the race.

When the great mass of spectators who had backed Monitor and who, in watching him finish, had lost sight of Topsy, saw her number hoisted as winner, they moved in a body to the inclosure facing the judges' stand. Then began an ominous muttering like a storm beginning to sweep through a forest of Jersey pines. One tall, irate son of the Emerald Isle stepped in front of the crowd with upraised arm and began to hurl fierce invectives at the judges. Superintendent Bradley seized the man and began to force him from the grounds. The crowd closed in on them, and soon half a dozen special officers were aiding Bradley. But the mass of human beings surged so that no progress could be made in ejecting the man. Then Mr. Withers, one of the judges, came to the assistance of Superintendent Bradley and the officers. He had a cigar clinched in his teeth. The cigar stuck up at an angle of 45 degrees in the direction of the flat trim of his straw hat. The irate Irishman expostulated with Mr. Withers, when Mr. Withers began to assist in forcing him from the inclosure. The crowd now pressed in closer, arms in the background began to raise clinched fists, and a score of voices shouted, "Don't let him go out." It looked very much as if a riot was about to begin, and many timid persons started for the shelter of the grand stand. The officers of the grounds then succeeded in removing the chief disturber, and common sense resumed its sway among his would-be supporters. Quiet was restored, and the remaining races were run off without unusual excitement.

## A TRAITOR'S DECOM.

The shooting of James Carey, the Irish informer while fleeing under government protection from the land disgraced by his birth and dishonored by his actions, is a source of gratification to all many men of all nations. The miserable, sneaking, cowardly cur, after inveigling young, hot-headed men to join in a crusade of blood to fight wrongs that calmer and wiser men were steadily accomplishing by juster means, turned around to save his own worthless neck, and played the part of an informer. He has met his just fate.

It was he who dropped the signal for the slaying of Lord Cavendish and Secretary Burke. He was their real murderer, although scouter arms and braver hearts drove home the fatal steel that not only laid low the two unfortunate victims, but struck a blow at Ireland's honor. Thank God he is gone, and his name will be linked in history with those of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. The world was rid of him on July 28, by a shot from a pistol fired by a man named O'Donnell, while both were passengers on the steamer Melrose, going from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Whether O'Donnell was an agent of the Irish Invincibles, or was acting on the individual impulses of a man who could not bear to see such a loathsome, creeping worm alive, matters not. He did his work well, and all the world rejoices.

## THERE'S NO USE BUCKING AGAINST SOLID FACTS.

A farmer came into a grocery store the other day and exhibited to the eyes of an admiring crowd an enormous egg, about six inches long, which he avowed to have been laid by one of his own hens. He had it packed in cotton and wouldn't allow any one to handle it for fear of breaking the phenomenon. The groceryman examined it with the rest, and, intending to chaff the countryman, said:

"Pshaw! I've got something in the egg line that will beat that."

"I'll bet you five dollars you haven't!" said the countryman, getting excited.

"Take it up," replied the groceryman, and going behind the counter, he brought out a wire egg-beater. "There's something in the egg line that will beat it, I guess," said he, reaching out for the stakes.

"Hold on there," said the farmer, "let's see you beat it," and he handed it to the grocer. The latter held out his hand for it, but dropped it in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soup plates and a platter. It was of solid iron, painted white.

"Some folks think they're darnation bate," murmured the farmer, as he pocketed the stakes, and lit out, "but 'tain't no use buckin' against the solid facts."

## POLYGAMY AFLOAT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Western man who does not claim citizenship in any State, but roams from place to place on a raft, is creating a good deal of attention along the Ohio river. He is an avowed polygamist, and having got into trouble on that account in some localities where he has attempted to set up his family altar, he has become disgusted with terra firma, and has now taken to the water. Having built a substantial raft, he moved his *larsen et penates*, together with three handsome wives that at present represent his adventures in the matrimonial line, to his floating home, and upon it he gayly drifts up and down the river, defying the authorities of the States that border on the stream, and only landing to look for fresh provisions or new wives for his harem.



## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glimpse Over the Diamond Fields  
of the Continent.

SAY occasionally plays an astonishing game. Good ball players are as scarce as hens' teeth. ESTERBROOK is doing giant work at third base. The Baltimore have a rattling fielder in Clinton. It is a pleasure now to see the Metropolitans play ball. OLD HAYSEEDS is making money this season hand over fist. DAN O'LEARY is still having pot luck with his Indianapolis club. GEORGE BURNHAM, like "Odin, the Duke," has been railroaded. ROSEMAN takes more chances than any other fielder in the country. THE Metropolitans have the boss pitcher and catcher in Keefe and Holbert. WILL the old man ever take a drop on himself and let the Metropolitans down easy? MASON smiles serenely when asked who will win the American Association championship. CHARLIE JONES is swinging the ash with good effect, but Shafer is swinging his tongue with better. BROOKLYN has put out big money, got big players, expects to do big work, and win a big pennant. THE Columbus club are paying for another reunion, as they scooped in \$1,000 during the last one. JACK HAYES, of the Alleghenys, is now rusticiating in this vicinity, catching flies off the molasses jug. "POO-HORN" BRADLEY has caught the snap, and in the future his gentle voice will be heard on the league diamond field. SIMMONS may possibly get his elbow in a sling for refusing to play the postponed Metropolitan-Athletic game in New York. BARNIE, the brick, has quite recovered from his long spell of sickness, and is now catching pennies for the Baltimore club. As soon as the New Yorks can find a pitcher that no person can hit they are going to brace up and win the League championship.

THE American Association championship pennant is going to float over New York city, as the Metropolitans will win it beyond a doubt.

HATFIELD, of the Newark club, cards himself that he can play second base better than Troy. How these mushroom ball players do like to talk.

PHILADELPHIAS say they will have the finest nine in the country if money will secure it. We can tell them just the least little bit about money and big nines.

THE Cincinnati papers are sending up a howl that other clubs are forming a combination to defeat them. Could anything be more like Caylor, the croaker?

BORRY MATTHEWS is a pretty nice little fellow, and we would like to see him stay in the box a long time, but we are afraid the boys are going to knock him out.

THE croakers howled about Troy being no good, but the New Yorks missed his services sadly when he was suddenly called away from them on their Western trip.

THE Queen of the Dump was lying dangerously ill, which caused a vacancy at second base on the New York nine, and made the Dasher return to this city post haste.

THE ladie who visit the polo grounds all wonder why Mr. Mutrie does not wear his beautiful gilt edged cap, with the word "manager" in gold letters across the front.

PROBABLY Hartford, Conn., will be represented on the ball field again. They have a fine new baseball ground, and if good players can be had they will enter the arena in 1890.

ALL the American Association clubs desirous of increasing their records long for the time when they play their next series of games with the Baltimore, but occasionally they get left.

THE Metropolitans look like a lot of escaped lunatics in their blue caps. Mutrie must have had them on him when he made this purchase; they look like a job lot from a Chatham street hat store.

CHARLIE SNYDER has the full management of the Cincinnati club, and scientific suggestions from the man who knows more about baseball than any other man in the world will be out of order.

THE three L's of the Louisville club, Leary, Luff and Latham have raised "ell" with their nine's standing this season. The biggest L in the category—sour mash liquor—was what caused the trouble.—Exchange.

IT is comforting to pick up a Cleveland paper and read a paragraph that has been stolen boldly by a St. Louis paper from the POLICE GAZETTE, and seeing the Leader giving the "St. Louis" paper credit for the item.

PRETTY POLL is in great luck. He is a second "Plunger-Walker" at the races. He won \$28 one day, \$73 the next, and \$140 the following race day. He is too big a man for the ball field, and there is a vacant chair at the polo grounds.

SOME eon in Richmond is so badly stuck on the Virginia club that he is constantly bombarding us with letters as to the merits of that club, and offers to be the free correspondent from that city for the sole purpose of puffing up the Richmond club.

SOME of the papers claim that the poor success of the Cincinnati club is affecting the pork trade in that city. We hardly believe this, however, as we are quite sure there is not a hog in the Cincinnati club, unless it be a certain director, who seems to want the whole earth every place he goes.

DAILY gave another exhibition of his crankiness at Cleveland, Aug. 1, when he left the ball field because the Bostoners were hitting him pretty lively, which resulted in the umpire deciding the game in favor of the Bostonians by a score of 9 to 0, and bringing the game to a sudden close in the sixth inning.

THE worst specimen of a bunged-up nine the New Yorks have turned out this season was the one that defeated the Detroiters July 27, at Detroit, which was the game they had expected to lose, and the only one of the Detroit games they won. Moral: always turn out a bunged-up nine and you'll win the championship.

MORGAN, of the Richmond club, was hit in the stomach by a foul ball, July 24, when the Virginians were playing the Newark at Richmond, and because he didn't have to be carried off the field it was an ambulance, but was not catching in the game, some baseball enthusiast of Richmond thought it such a wonderful feat that he sent us a yard and a half account of it.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer says: "Whitney, Boston's great pitcher, is said to owe most of his effectiveness to his wild delivery. After a player has faced him once and had several ribs staved in by one of his chain lightning shots, he comes to the bat the second time and strikes at balls he couldn't reach with a ten-foot pole, in order to get out of the way of another shot."

THE New York reporters have gotten up a big scheme, and if it only works they will never have to report baseball matches any more. They go on the principle of "what man has done, man can do," so they are going to organize themselves into a baseball nine and beat all the ball clubs in the country, then disband like the Merritts, of Camden, ask their own price, and make the baseball managers come down with their lucre.

THE Philadelphia papers are making quite a kick about the sloppy condition in which the Athletic grounds are kept. Visitors are obliged to either wade through mud, or plough through dust from the admission gate to the grand stand. Little do the papers realize that it costs money to make the desired improvements, and when they know Manager Simmons as well as we do, they will find out that he is not the man to put up the lucre.

OLD "More up Joe" is not as sick as was at first supposed. It was reported that he was suffering from a stroke of paralysis, but later they discovered it was a mild form of epilepsy, from which Joe has suffered for many years. He had a slight touch once in Williamsburg. While playing with the Mutuals on the old Union Ground, he threw up his hands and called for time, saying he was "rattled," and sat down on the base for a few minutes until he

had sufficiently recovered to go on with the game. One of the boys said, "Joe has got them again." The umpire, thinking he had the horrors, hastened to assure him that there were no snakes about.

CRANE, of the Metropolitans, was heartbroken when rain stopped the Metropolitan-Baltimore game. It only rained ten minutes, then cleared off, but there were such tremendous pools of water left over the ground, that the umpire decided it totally unfit to be played upon. Crane got out with a broom and a mop and tried to swab up the water in order to let the good work go on, as only four innings were played, and the Metropolitans had pounded seven runs out of the Baltimore.

PRESIDENT MCKNIGHT has good grounds now to go for Simmons, manager and stockholder of the Athletics, of Philadelphia, and he is doing it tooth and nail. The Athletics were scheduled to play the Metropolitans a championship game on the polo grounds, July 27. The game was advertised, and 2,000 people assembled to see it, and the Athletics committed an offence which will probably result in their expulsion from the association, by failing to put in their appearance.

WOULD that the Cincinnati Enquirer was as honorable as the Cincinnati Commercial. The latter paper makes its boast of never using the scissors and exchanges in making up their ball column. There is no bragadooola about the Cincinnati Enquirer, however, and we find our POLICE GAZETTE items clipped bodily and passed off as original, without giving us the slightest credit for them. But then the Enquirer reporter is such a bashful young man that we don't like to say anything about it.

THE City Points, of South Boston, were treated to a good square meal at Fort Warren on Saturday, July 28, when it rained too hard for them to play their baseball match. As soon as it became generally known the Fort Warren people were overruled with letters and telegraphic despatches from the League, American, Northwestern League, Interstate, and all the amateur and semi-professional clubs in the country, trying to arrange for a game, thinking if they didn't get any gate receipts they would certainly catch something to stay their stomachs.

EAGAN was working the racket a little bit too fine in Brooklyn, and it resulted in his not only losing his job, but in being black-listed. He would go off on a whole week's drunk at a time, loading around the neighborhood and imagining because he kept out of sight of the manager that no one knew anything about his doings, and when he got sober and out of money he would come back for a fresh supply, with a ghostly story of having been called out of the city to a dying aunt, or a dying grandmother, or some other dead or dying relative, but he worked this racket once too often and he got fired.

THE position of Allen, the New York pitcher, when preparing to deliver a ball, is described by the Cleveland Leader as follows: He splits on the end of his thumb, looks up at the sky and down at the ground, grins at the batsman, winks at the catcher, throws a kiss at the umpire, plants his right heel firmly in the ground, sneaks a look at first base, then stands erect, puts both hands behind him, rolls the ball around over the small of his back, raises his left foot, and makes a wicked dive forward as he delivers the ball. He then pants until the ball is returned to him, and goes through the same maneuvers.

BURNHAM was presented with a handsome gold watch by some of his admiring friends in Cleveland. It is a handsome hunting-cased lever, the chain of open linked pattern and of red gold, and a fine bloodstone charm adorns it. On the face of the outer case of the watch is engraved in script, "Presented to George W. Burnham by his Cleveland friends, July 25, 1889." It is well he is a hit in Cleveland, as that is about the only city in which he has made a favorable impression. There might have been an impression made on him in New York, though, if he had come back, as the boys have a big cobblesone in store for him.

IT seems, from all accounts, that New York is not the only city overrun by dudes. Complaints have come in from Western cities showing that these "la do dabs" have found their way even to the extreme frontier. In Cincinnati they have a dude time. In Chicago they have a dude baseball reporter; in Louisville they have some dude players; while in St. Louis "Ladies Day" is always sure to trot out all the dudes in the city. The St. Louis papers speak of them as a harmless class, although at times somewhat annoying, owing to their blocking up the stairs and passageways in order to show the latest styles to the ladies.

A BASEBALL club has been organized at Harlem, N. Y., called the "Police Gazette" baseball club. John J. Nolan has been elected manager, and Wm. Truex, captain. The official nine are: Pitcher, George Bryce; catcher, John P. Smith; 1st B., Lyman P. Jackson; 2d B., George Sewold; 3d B., Wm. Truex; Short Stop, George Beck; R. F., Joseph Odell; C. F., Joseph Kelly; L. F., Thomas Wilson. The club are ready to play any good club. They recently challenged the Amateur Athletic club, but the latter refused to meet them. The nine are all expert players and any amateur club that meets them will find the "Police Gazette" nine well up both at batting and fielding.

WE are glad to see some honor in Chicago. There has always been such barfaced umpiring in that city that we thought they were past redemption, and always shrank in holy horror at the bare mention of Chicago. By referring to the files of the POLICE GAZETTE it will be seen that we were among the first to discover the style in which Umpire Lane favored the Chicago club in his decisions, while they were in this city, and we have howled ever since about his incompetency. When the Philadelphia were playing the Chicago July 26, in Chicago, Lane's umpiring was so barfaced that even the *Inter-Ocean* went back on him and said: "Had it been fairly umpired the visitors would surely have taken the game, but Lane gave several glaring instances of favoritism toward the Chicago club, which even its most radical partisans could not but acknowledge as rank injustice."

THE scribe who gets up the slush for the Boston *Daily Globe* is evidently an admirer of the Boston club, and an ardent worshipper of Capt. Morrill, as he cruelly treats the youth who gets up the rot for the *Cleveland Leader* to the following: "A fit subject for the lunatic asylum or the Niagara whirlpool rapids is the illot who, in a recent number of the *Cleveland Leader*, alluded to Morrill, of the Bostonians, as a 'chronic klicker.' Like Anson, Pardeck and others. No player is more of a favorite and a gentleman with audiences and players away from home than Capt. Morrill. We should as soon think of seeing such an epithet applied to Tommy York as to see it appended to the name of John Morrill." It seems strange that these scribes cannot get along peacefully, and take life as tranquilly as the baseball editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who never says anything unkind about anybody.

MANAGER PHILLIPS is as crazy as a beelug, and don't know what he is talking about when he says the fort it game between the Athletics and Metropolitans, does not count as a victory for the Metropolitans on account of its being a postponed game and no specified time set for playing it, that that Mutrie had advertised the game without Simmons' consent. Had Mr. Phillips known more about the arrangements of this matter, he would not have been so "fly" in splitting hairs. The Metropolitans had arranged to play in A'leons on the day in question, but after talking the matter over with Simmons and Mason, Mutrie cancelled his engagement with the A'leons, and arranged to play the game in New York. It seems that after the arrangements were made the Metropolitans beat the Athletics on their own grounds in Philadelphia, which was really the secret of the whole matter, as the Athletics felt they were not strong enough to cope with the Metropolitans, and therefore refused to go to New York, saying they would rather forfeit the game than attempt to play in a crippled condition.

THE Cleveland baseball admirers presented an elegant gold watch and chain to Burnham in rather a novel manner, but in a style which we admire greatly; and as the baseball editor of the POLICE GAZETTE is without a gold watch and chain he thinks he will get the New Yorkers to make a similar presentation. Burnham went to a jeweller, bought a watch, chain and an elaborate charm for \$45, took it to an engraver's and had the following inscription put on it: "Presented to George W. Burnham, July 25, 1889, by his Cleveland friends." He then hired a small boy to take it up to Manager Bancroft, and have him make the presentation during the progress of the game. Wary Bancroft, however, was not taken in quite so easily, and Burnham found the watch in his dressing room after the game was over, where he accepted the gift with tears in his eyes, and without any presentation speech. He then proceeded to all the newspaper offices and exhibited his watch to the editors, and said "a jeweller had estimated its value at \$150." The baseball editor of the POLICE GAZETTE wouldn't mind receiving the watch without a formal presentation, or even fooling the editors of the local papers as to its real value, but he wouldn't like to have them give him away if they found it out, as it might injure his reputation for veracity.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## NEW YORK BY MIDNIGHT!

Metropolitan Vice Unmasked and Illustrated in all its  
Enormity, in

## THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

Now Publishing in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED  
WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Saturday.  
Price 5 Cents.

READER, Chicago.—No.

W. A. B., Shoshon, Idaho.—Yes.

J. D., Grenada, Miss.—The coin is of no great value.

SPORTSMAN.—Duncan C. Ross is not over 6 ft in height.

FRED., Danville, Conn.—We have no record of the affair.

H. D. H., Kinderhook, N. Y.—We have not his address.

D. M., Austin, Texas.—John L. Sullivan holds that title.

W. C., Amsterdam.—Jumbo is the largest elephant in America.

J. L. C., Ewart.—A letter addressed to this office will reach him.

J. W., Victoria, B. C.—No. 2. Sam Hurst never fought Wm. Perry.

M. B. F., Peoria, Ill.—We have not Jim Allen's, the pugilist's, address.

E. C., Kansas City.—A wins. Haulan is a native of Toronto, Canada.

J. M., Pittston, Pa.—The party receiving 20 is only required to make 41.

J. M. J., Tombstone, Arizona.—Do the best you can; any weight will suit.

CONSTANT READER.—A was put out and B was entitled to hold the lead base.

M. T. W., Miller, Dakota.—Goldsmith's Maid was a trotter and not a pacer.

Q. P., Bangor, Pa.—1. Not that we are aware of. 2. From two to six hours.

G. G., Alexandria, Pa.—We have not the official date, but will try to find it.

J. M., Ballston Spa, N. Y.—Write to Cridge & Co., 24 Twenty-eighth street.

T. O. B., Necke, Dakota.—Charles Perkins, boxed and trained John C. Heenan.

Mrs. S. H., Jersey Shore, Pa.—It is impossible for us to find the party you refer to.

W. S., Winnipeg, Manitoba.—Bob Travers and Jim Mace fought once as antagonists.

Y. B., Philadelphia.—1. No. 2. Connors, the wrestler, returned to England some time since.

W. M. S., Norfolk, Va.—Harry Jennings' address is Eroom street and Centre market, N. Y.

F. A. C., Racine, Wis.—Send us 75c, and we will send you a book which gives full explanation.

J. L. L., Centralia, Pa.—A letter addressed to Harry Hill, 26 E. Houston street, will find Courcy.

M. T., Troy, N. Y.—Charles Lynch, the American pugilist, was presented with two belts in England.

M. B. F., Peoria, Ill.—A letter for Jim Allen, the pugilist, sent to the POLICE GAZETTE will reach him.

J. E. W., Ballbridge, Pa.—Send on P. O. order for \$2 and we will furnish you with the paper you require.

M. W., Auburn, N. Y.—1. A loss. Joe Coburn was not sent to Clinton prison from Sing Sing. 2. No.

T. F. C., Bradford, Pa.—The bet is a trick bet, in which B had no chance to win and we decide it a law.

A. C. W., Tom Sayers.—The English pugilist, parents were not Irish, but natives of Sussex, England.

C. L., Chicago, N. Y.—Haulan never rowed in Australia. You have reference to either Lawcock or Trickett.

D. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Prof. Wm. Clark did keep a saloon in Laurens street, New York, in 1860, and B wins.

A. E. F., Water Valley, Miss.—Send \$1 and we will send you the books containing the London prize ring rules.

S. J., Watkins, N. Y.—We answer no correspondents by mail, but through the answer to correspondent columns.

J. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—Tom Hyer weighed 182½ lbs when he fought Yankee Sullivan; the latter weighed 155 lbs.

S. F., Cony Island.—The best time for 100 yards was made by Geo. Seward, at Hammeysmith, England, Sept. 30, 1844, in 5½.

S. H., Holyoke, Mass.—The popular vote for president in the 1860 presidential election was, Fremont, 1,342,161; Buchanan, 1,861,020.

M. B., Black Rock, N. Y.—1. Tom O'Donnell, who fought Joe Winrow in New Orleans, was born in County Limerick, Ireland. 2. No.

M. S. C., Cleveland, Ohio.—1. The coin is a rare one, but we do not know its value. 2. We could not spare time to find its value.

D. & V., Minneapolis, Minn.—1. Jim Mace holds the English champion belt. 2. There is no champion belt for pugilists in this country.

J. M., Havre De Gras, Md.—Jim Mace and Tom Allen fought for the championship of the world when they met at Kenner, La., May, 1870.

A. L., Menasha, Burlington, Wis.—1. Dan Donnelly, the Irish champion, never defeated Tom Cribb. 2. They never fought as opponents.

J. W., Hazelton, Pa.—1. Bob Drottie was born at Portobello, near Edinburgh, Scotland, Jan. 18, 1823. He stood 5 ft 7½ in, and weighed 140 lbs.

T. O. E., Plantersville, Conn.—Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." 55c. It will give you all the information.

S. W., Selma, Ala.—When Hyer fought Sullivan his (Hyer's) height was 6 ft 2½ in, weight 145 lbs, age 30. The fight took place in Maryland.

J. M., St. Thomas, Ontario.—1. Aaron Rothschilds. 2. London, England, is the largest city in the world. Its population is nearly four millions.

D. W., Fome, N. Y.—1. Matt Rusk, the pugilist, did keep a sporting house in Philadelphia in 1828. 2. It was No. 1217 North Fourth street. 3. No.

J. M., Boston, Mass.—1. Dutchman trotted three miles in 7m 3½s on the Beacon Park Course, N. J., Aug. 1, 1839. 2. Elram Woodruff was the driver.

R. G., Washington, D. C.—It was the America that was racing on the Hudson river with the Henry Clay, when the latter vessel was burned, July 18, 1852.

J. H., New York.—1. Joe Goss was born at Northampton, England, Nov. 5, 1835. 2. He stands 5 ft 8½ in in height, weighed 150 lbs when he fought in England.

M. H., Bortelown, N. J.—Maul S has made the fastest time for one mile trotting—2:10½; and Ten Trock has made the fastest time for running a mile—1:39½.

M. W., Lockport, N. Y.—After Tom Sayers was beaten by Nat Jaucham he issued a challenge, Nov. 27, 1853, to fight any 147 pound man in the world for £200.

G. W. N., Duluth.—The portraits of Heenan, Hyer and Morrissey have never been published in the POLICE GAZETTE. We can furnish you with other copy named.

W. T., Baltimore, Md.—Joe Coburn's battle with Ed. Price lasted 3m and 29s. 2. Tom Sayers held the champion belt of England from June 22, 1857, to April 17, 1860.

G. W., Selma, Ala.—Mace and Allen fought for \$5,000 and the championship, at Kanawville, New Orleans, on May 10, 1870. Mace won in ten rounds, lasting 4m.

M. S., Freeport, Pa.—1. John L. Sullivan had several backers when he fought Paddy Ryan. 2. James Keenan, John Kilbride and David Elmhurst found the stakes.

"Smokey" Natcher.—No such programme has been arranged. We suppose if any horse trots up to the record Varderbilt may allow the Queen of the Turf to try to lower it.

J. M., Washington, D. C.—1. The champion bicycle rider of the world is John Keen, of Surbiton, England. 2. Neither H. W. Hicham nor John S. Prince have any right to compete for that title.

CONSTANT READER, Ashland, N. Y.—Tom King, the English pugilist, is still living, and A wins. The Tom King who died of yellow fever at New Orleans, La., was not the pugilist that fought Heenan.

J. H. C., Lurington, Montana.—The \$1,000 Richard K. Fox sent to Paddy Ryan to bet in the ring the day he fought John L. Sullivan, Feb. 7, 1882, at Mississippi City, was covered by Sullivan's friends.

S. G., Springfield, Mass.—Ethan Allen with his running mate, Socks, beat Flora Temple in three straight heats on the Fashion course, L. I., Sept. 5, 1861. 2. Ethan Allen went to wagon and Flora Temple to harness.

S. L., Buffalo, N. Y.—Tom Sayers' seconds when he fought John C. Heenan at Farnborough, England, April 17, 1860, were Jimmy Welsh and Larry Bruntton. Jim Mace was merely a spectator in Sayers' corner.

W. S., Augusta, Me.—1. The height of Trinity Church steeple in New York city is said to be about 283 feet. 2. It is higher than the Bunker Hill monument. B. loses. 3. The height of Bunker Hill monument is 220 feet.

D. W., Boston, Mass.—Heenan, after he was matched to fight John Morrissey in 1858, for the championship of America, did make his headquarters at Jim Hughes' Rock Cottage hotel. 2. It was then located at 110th street, N. Y.

Ben, Grant Bend, Kansas.—1. Tom Sayers was never beaten by Bob Drottie. 2. Sayers beat Drottie, Sept. 20, 1859, in seven rounds, fought in 15m. 3. The battle was fought at Eppingham, and Sayers' backer wagered £400 to £200.

H. M., St. Louis, Mo.—Johnny Pache and Johnny Newell, the former of New York and the latter of Pittsburgh, seconded Sam Collyer when he fought Billy Kelly for \$2,000 and the lightweight championship at Strickland, Pa., Nov. 27, 1867.

H. W. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. Arthur Chambers stands 5 ft 3¼ in in height and weighed 118 lbs when he fought Billy Edwards. 2. James Sandford, the pugilist phenomenon, died at New Orleans, La., May 28, 1872. 3. He lived to be 71 years old.

J. W., San Jose, Cal.—1. Ben Caunt never fought a battle in the prize ring in this country. 2. Ben Caunt fought in this country and was defeated by Yankee Sullivan. 3. B wins. Ben Caunt was in America and gave sparring exhibitions.

S. J., Tremont, Pa.—1. The weight of John C. Heenan after he returned from England was 240 lbs. 2. Dan Kerrigan was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1835. 3. He fought Billy (Australian) Kelly at Island Pond, county of Essex, Aug. 31, 1860, and won in 25 rounds, in 4m.

W. T., San Francisco, Cal.—Simon Byrne was killed in the prize ring by James, better known as Deaf Burke, on May 30, 1874, at Newman's Lane, England, after a desperate battle which lasted 99 rounds, fought in 3h 6m. Burke was tried for homicide and acquitted.

Moster, Denver, Col.—Morrissey's battle with Yankee Sullivan did not increase or even establish his reputation as a clever, scientific boxer, although it undoubtedly proved him to possess unflinching gameness and ability to receive punishment in an extraordinary degree.

Yiaco, Portland, Me.—1. The most remarkable leaps by a horse that we have on record are 33 feet over water, 34 feet over hurdles and 13 feet over a wall, by Chantler, Calverthorpe and Tollyer, respectively. 2. Of course the above figures give the distance he, d, not the height.

G. W., Jacksonville, Ill.—1. Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, was married in 1847. 2. We believe 22 persons were killed and injured at the Forrest and Maeredy riots in Astor Place, New York. 3. Hammer Lane and Tom Davis only fought once, when Davis won in 10 rounds in 1h 7m.

Bom Bader, Hamilton, Ohio.—1. The artillery of the Turks in the year 1453, surpassed what ever yet had appeared. 2. A stupendous piece of cannon was made by them. Its bore was twelve palms and the stone bullet weighed 600 lbs. It could not be loaded more than seven times a day.

S. W., Denver, Col.—1. Andrew Marsden, the English pugilist who defeated and was in turn beaten by Ned O'Baldwin, stood 6 ft 1½ in in height, and weighed 182 lbs. 2. Marsden fought Wormall for \$1,000 and the champion belt, at Harley, England, Jan. 4, 1855. Wormall won in 19 rounds, lasting 37m.

Perry, Leadville, Col.—Aaron Jones was matched to fight Bill Perry, better known as the Tipton Slasher, on June 4, 1866. On March 20, Jones lacerated one of his thumbs by falling from a horse, and desired to postpone the day of fighting until July 4, 1866. Perry refused and Jones forfeited the \$500 posted.

H. S., Williamsburg, Col.; M. S., Leadville, and W. S., Philadelphia.—Bryan Campbell and Harry Hicken fought for \$1,000 a side, at 120 lbs., on March 4, 1872, at Collier's Station, West Va. Hicken was looked after by Ned O'Baldwin and Abe Smith; Campbell by Owaney Geoghegan and Butt Riley. George Seddons was referee.

M. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Jim McVigh, of Cincinnati, and Jack Copeland, of Cleveland, fought, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$750, at Troy, N. Y., on June 27. Three rounds were fought and Copeland was returned the winner. 2. After the excitement over the contest McVigh was matched against Copeland for \$500 a side, to fight with bare knuckles in August, near Cleveland.

F. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Johnston, the pacer, did equal the best pacing time for a mile on record, which is 2:11½, made by Little Brown Jug, at Hartford, Conn., Aug. 24, 1881. Johnston paced a mile in 2:11½ at Chicago, on July 19, 1883. 2. Johnston's performance cannot be considered as great as Little Brown Jug's, as the latter made the first and second heats in 2:11½, and paced the third in 2:12½.

J. S., Et. Paul, Minn.—1. Again we state that Dan Donnelly never held the champion belt of England. 2. Donnelly, however, fought three battles, defeating his opponent in each. These were Tom Hall, for 100 guineas, at Kildare, Sept. 14, 1814, Donnelly winning in 15 rounds. He d. rated Cooper for 60 guineas in 72m, at Ellmore, Ireland, Dec. 15, 1815; and he defeated Tom Oliver for 100 guineas, in 34 rounds, fought in 1h and 30m, at Crawley, England, July 21, 1815.

H. W., Detroit, Mich.—1. Yes. 2. The following oarsmen have entered for the Police Gazette's Championship Amateur Rowing Trophy, to be rowed for under the management of Richard K. Fox: P. A. Dempsey, of Philadelphia; M. Monaghan, of Albany; Chas. Murphy, of Boston; James Pilkington, of New York; A. D. Flano, of Brooklyn. The race will be rowed on the Harlem river, New York. The date has not yet been decided on. 3. The date of the race will be published.

M. H., Cincinnati, O.—1. Tom Cribb was the first pugilist on record to whom a champion belt was presented as a badge of office. 2. This belt was made of lion's skin and ornamented with large silver claws. It was with Cribb's presentation cup last in the possession of Tom Sayers. 3. After Cribb defeated Molleux, the black, Sept. 28, 1811, at Thristleton Gap in 11 rounds, lasting 20 minutes, he never again entered the ring, although he held the championship for many years, no one having the hardihood to dispute his title.

M. J., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. Wm. Perry, better known as the Tipton Slasher, stood 6 ft and ½ in in height, and in his best day, weighed 182 lbs. 2. From the waist upward he, at one time, possessed one of the finest and most Herculean busts ever seen, but his limbs being somewhat the shape of the letter K, considerably deteriorated from the beauty of his configuration, which, had his understanding been straight, would have been the perfection of manly strength. He was a game, resolute pugilist, but never possessed any very strong claims to scientific acquirement.



## Pleasant Neighbors.

A recent divorce case at Grand Rapids, Mich., has brought out many facts of a sensational nature. In 1877 Mrs. Sarah M. Sturdfant, who had for many years lived with her husband in Chester township, Ottawa county, was declared insane by Judge Tate, on the petition of her husband, and sent to the Kalamazoo asylum, where she yet remains. Sturdfant returned to his farm, where he had several sons and daughters. On April 11 last he appeared before the Ottawa Circuit Court, praying for a divorce from his wife. In this petition he alleges that his wife was a woman of feeble mind, living in Kalamazoo; that she had treated him with great cruelty and had threatened to kill him with a butcherknife. The files of the court were brought into service, and it was found that the acts of cruelty alleged were committed by Mrs. Sturdfant while insane, and were some of the identical acts by which that insanity was established; and that the alleged desertion was caused by her being placed in the Kalamazoo Insane Asylum on the petition of her husband. Judge Arnold thereupon dismissed the case.

A sequel to this case is found in another suit in the same court. Last Christmas the wife of Giles B. Shaw left her home in Chester and came to Grand Rapids to live, and six days after the filing of Sturdfant's bill for divorce she applied for a divorce from Mr. Shaw. For 20 years past the farms of Sturdfant and Shaw have joined. The families have been intimate, and since Mrs. Sturdfant's residence at the asylum her husband has been a frequent caller at Shaw's house. In the bill of complaint made by Mrs. Shaw she alleges cruelty and drunkenness on her husband's part as the cause of her leaving him, and the petition for the divorce. Mr. Shaw in his answer denies the imputations, and alleges that his wife deserted her home on last Christmas by the aid of Sturdfant; that the goods which she took with her were loaded by Sturdfant's son on a wagon owned by his father, and that after they had left the house Sturdfant had joined them; that his wife had committed adultery with Sturdfant, and that the whole affair was a scheme in which each was to get a divorce and go away together; that since she came to Grand Rapids she has lived near Reed's Lake road, beyond East street, with her two daughters and two sons of Sturdfant, and that the latter has spent intervals of time during the winter at the house.

## The Latest Stage Scandal.

Another member of the "profesh" has been befouling his own nest, and has got his wife and mother-in-law about his ears. Mrs. Clarence Leonard has sued her husband for divorce, alleging that he has been improperly familiar with Mrs. Gerard. All the parties belong to the dramatic profession. The husband retorted with the assertion that the woman who claimed to be his wife was never so legally, although he admitted having lived with her for some years. This brought to New Haven, Conn., where the case is pending, Mrs. Leonard and her mother, Mrs. Dr. Von Gorbitt, whose testimony is damaging to the actor.

Mrs. Leonard is a handsome blonde of pleasing manners. She has been an actress for the past eight years, having played, among other



## THEY RAN HIM IN.

HOW TWO GAY GIRLS OF THE METROPOLIS TOOK CARE OF A POLICE OFFICER WHO HAD BEEN IN THE HABIT OF TAKING CARE OF THEM.

engagements, the role of Daisy Brown in one of the Madison Square theatre "Professor" companies.

Both mother and daughter are very angry at the reports circulated by Leonard that the daughter was not his wife legally.

Mrs. Von Gorbitt, in proof of her daughter's marriage, exhibited a certificate that "Fred R. Leonard, of New York, and Seria N. Hutchinson, of St. Louis," were joined in marriage at Newark, N. J., June 25, 1879, in the presence of Dr. Von Gorbitt and Eleanor Von Gorbitt, by John Otto justice of the peace.

The ground of Mrs. Leonard's application for a divorce is her husband's alleged improper relations with Mrs. Gerard, which came to her ears six months ago while he was playing in Le Grand's company, of which Mrs. Gerard was also a member.

At that time, Mrs. Leonard says, she refused to receive her husband at her mother's house on account of the reports of his misconduct.

## William West.

The new school of negro minstrelsy numbers

few members more eminent than Mr. West. At least that is what he thinks, and he ought to know. At any rate he is a very excellent artist in his line, and the proof is that he makes money.

## In My Lady's Chamber.

Bill Nye, who is sojourning at River Falls, Wis., thus describes a little escapade that occurred up there recently:

"This morning I learned that a young doctor, who had been watching his own house from a distance during the evening, had discovered that, taking advantage of the husband's absence, a blonde dry goods clerk had called to see the crooked but lonely wife. The doctor waited until the young man had been in the house long enough to get pretty well acquainted, and then he went in himself to see that the youth was making himself perfectly comfortable. There was a wild dash toward the window, made by a blonde man with his pantaloons in his hand, the spatter of a bullet in the wall over the young man's head, and then all was still for a moment, save the low sob of a woman with her head covered up by the bedclothes. Then the two men clinched, and the doctor injected the barrel of a self-cocker up to the bridge of the young man's nose, knocked him under the washstand, yanked him out by the hem of his garment, jammed him into the coal bucket, and then swept the quivering ruins into the street with a stub broom. He then lit the chandelier and told his sobbing wife that she wasn't just the temperament for him, and he was afraid that their paths might diverge. He didn't care much for company and society, while she seemed to yearn for such things constantly. He came right out and admitted that he was of a nervous temperament and quick tempered. He loved her, but he had such an irritable, fiery disposition that he guessed he would have to excuse her; so he escorted her to the gate, and told her where the best hotel was, came in, drove out the cat, blew out the light and retired."—The Boomerang.

## A Duel to the Death.

A horrible shooting affair took place on July 26, at Pueblo Springs, a mining camp, just west of Socorro, N. M. The affair ended in the shooting of two prominent mining men. A. A. McDowell had made a great strike in the Fayetteville mine and removed his family to a tent in that locality. Jere McCalla, a wealthy young man, laid some claim to the property, and a quarrel ensued. McCalla went over to McDowell's tent and renewed the quarrel. The latter, a very quick-tempered man, drew his revolver and began firing. McCalla did the same. Both are dead shots. They were 20 paces apart. McDowell fired five times, wounding the other at once and riddling his body. McCalla, in a reclining position, missed the first five times, but shot McDowell through the forehead on the sixth, killing him instantly. McCalla is still alive, but dying. Mrs. McDowell was in the tent at the time, and came out only to see her husband dead. The affair has created the greatest feeling of horror in the neighborhood, as both were well known and prominent men.



WILLIAM WEST,

[Photo by Marc Gambler.]



MABEL JORDAN

[Photo by Mora.]

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.





JOHN E. GRAHAM,

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION TRICK RIFLE SHOT.

[Photo by John Wood.]

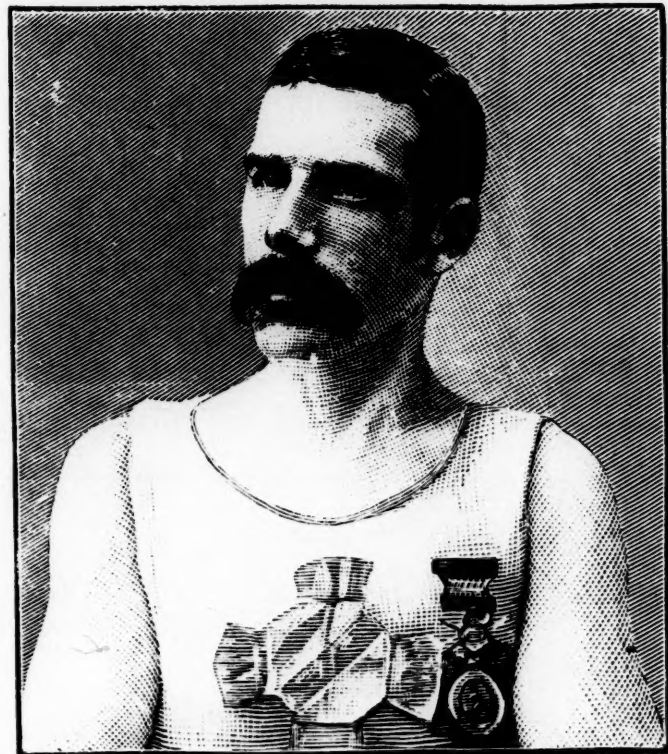
## David R. Hosmer.

This gentleman has been in the horse business about 16 years, and is well known throughout the West. He first started out with two horses of his own, a gray pacer, Honest Billy, and Lady McFatridge, a trotter. To the pacer he gave 2:31; to the mare, 2:17. This was no measure of their speed, as subsequent records show. Brown Nellie and Mack were winners, but they got no fast mark. The next ones were all good and speedy. To Tola he gave 2:20½; to Effie G., 2:34½; to Billy Yeazle, 2:31; to Headlight, 2:39, and many is the race scored to his credit with these trotters through Ohio and neighboring States. The stallion, Abdallah Boy, is probably the best horse he ever had, and has won quite a goodly amount of money. His record is 2:24½, given him by this gentleman.

Mr. Hosmer has also driven in races Lida Bassett, Seal-Skin-Kitty Greenman, and many others. He is a social, good natured gentleman, and popular with everybody. He is the proprietor of the hotel at the Cleveland track, which is a noted resort of road riders. As a driver he is calm, nerry and energetic, and is generally found pretty near the front.

## George Brennan, Police Champion Runner.

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish the picture of George Brennan, of the Police Department, the noted athlete, who on July 13 defeated Thomas Wade in a five-mile race for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, offered by Richard K. Fox, at



GEORGE BRENNAN,

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT CHAMPION RUNNER.

[Photo by John Wood.]

Sulzer's Park, Harlem, N. Y., covering the distance in 31 minutes. Brennan also won the Coogan Cup, in the five-mile open race of the Second Platoon games, at Sulzer's East River Park. He belongs to the Fourteenth precinct, and has a host of friends.

## John E. Graham.

John E. Graham, the POLICE GAZETTE Champion Trick Rifle Shot, of Canastota, N. Y., formerly of Erie, Pa. Graham has appeared at all the leading variety theatres, giving exhibitions of his wonderful skill with the rifle, and won merited applause.

Graham now keeps the "Police Gazette" Shades, sporting headquarters at Canastota, N. Y., and keeps it well, having had experience in the same line, at the "Lone Fisherman," Erie. It is a good place for the boys to drop in and get points.

## Shot by Mayor and Marshal.

On the morning of July 2 Dick Baker and George Murat, two hard characters of Garfield, a town about 20 miles from Salida, Col., got on a drunk, and entering the Monarch mining camp began making a free use of their pistols. The Mayor of the town, Theodore Martin, being aroused from his slumber by the noise, jumped up from bed, hunted up the City Marshal, Besly Lefevre, and together the two men summoned the roughs to desist.

The sole answer they received was a volley, but they were quick to reply, the result being that Baker received a mortal wound. Altogether about 30 shots were fired in the affray. Murat succeeded in making his escape. We are indebted to the able Marshal of Salida, Col., Mr. J. S. Boon, for Mayor Martin's portrait.

## May and December.

The other morning a simple marriage notice in a morning paper informed Denver society that on the 3d ult., at Washington, had occurred the marriage of Col. Sherwin, of Maxwell, New Mexico, and Miss Louise Dickinson, of Denver.

Nothing beyond this appeared in public print, but the three lines of the simple announcement have furnished food for social talk for a week. Miss Louise Dickinson has, since her debut in society a year or two ago, been a courted and envied belle of the city. She is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Gilpin, the wife of the renowned frontier adventurer and pioneer Governor of Colorado, now settled down in Denver to enjoy in his peculiar way the luxuries of city life such as his great wealth afford him. Mrs. Gilpin, a member of the aristocratic French family of Platts, the bluest blooded of the French of St. Louis, and a leader of the *haut ton* of Colorado, is an ardent Catholic, and her daughter has been a devotee of the same church. The incidental facts that the wedding of her daughter was performed by an Episcopalian minister, and that the marriage was unexpected, and so far from the home and mother of the bride, set tongues a-wagging, and they are not yet silent. The fair and graceful bride is but 18, while the husband of her choice is nearly 50. He is the president of the Maxwell Land Grant Company, and at first was reported to be immensely rich, but these rumors have drifted away, and it seems that his claims to fortune, if he has any, are extremely precarious. The groom and his fair bride have gone to their home in New Mexico.

## Whipped to Death.

Milton Mangham, a colored man, employed on the plantation of Garry Cunningham, on the line of Pike and Spaulding counties, Ga., was whipped to death on July 29, by an infuriated mob for an attempt at rape. The criminal act occurred about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, while young Cunningham, in company with a friend, had gone away from home on business. Milton Mangham remained at the house. When Cunningham and his friend had left he picked his chance and seized Mrs. Cunningham around the waist. The lady's screams brought another negro on the premises, which, perhaps, is all that saved the lady from a most terrible outrage. The negro fled. He was afterward caught and would have been shot upon the spot except for the interference of Cunningham's friends. The negro agreed to be stripped and whipped till they were satisfied, the result of which brought forth a coroner's inquest, as he was found dead in the woods, with no clothes on except his shirt wristbands.

## She was a Lady.

A rough looking, burly Irishwoman entered a car on the Harlem railroad the other day, turned over one of the seats, and planting herself with a flourish, perched her number twelve brogans on the crimson cushion before her. Just then a brakeman came along and said, politely:



MARCELLUS BAKER,

THE FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND PUGILIST.

[Photo by Conly, Boston.]

"Excuse me, Madam, but do you see that sign over there?"

"Av coorse Oi do," she quickly answered.

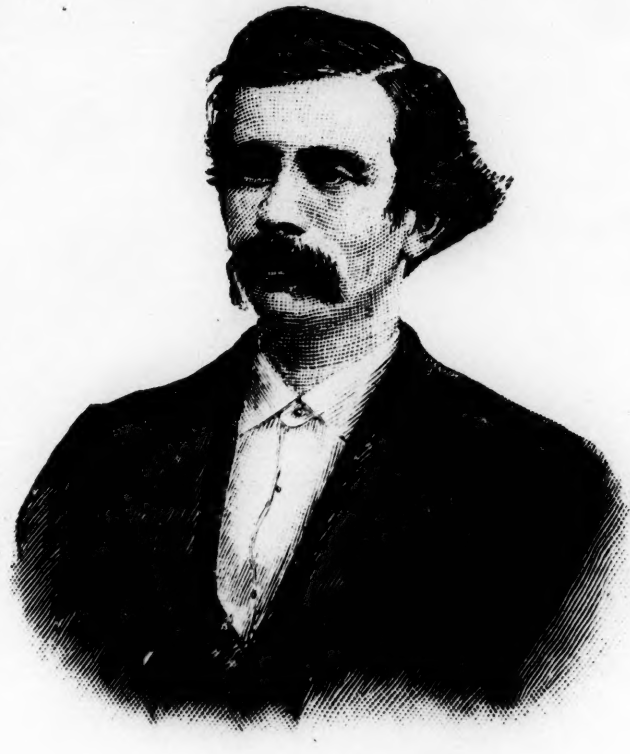
"Do you know what it says?"

"Faix an' how eud Oi, if it don't sphake?"

"Well, it says that no gentleman will put his feet on the seat," stammered the confused train hand.

"Then go 'long wid yees, yer dirty sphalpeen; d'ye take me fur a gintleman? Ye blind, goggle-eyed ould owl, do ye not know the sexes? Did ye's niver larn nothin'? Oim a lady, sur; that's what Oi am."

As there was no derrick on the train she was permitted to enjoy the privileges of her sex.



DAVID R. HOSMER,

A NOTED HORSEMAN AND BONIFACE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

[Photo by John Wood.]



## SPORTING NEWS.

MAKING THE ROUNDS:  
THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

A startling revelation of Gotham's Dark Side, now being made with pen and pencil in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. Out every Saturday. Price 5 cents.

ADVICE from England state that Pat Perry has challenged Burke to fight for \$100.

PADDY RYAN, the ex-champion pugilist, has a combination on the road and is doing well.

WESTMOUNT won the purse for 210-pacers at Cleveland, on August 1. Fastest heat, 2:15 1/2.

JACK STEWART, on Aug. 3, withdrew the \$100 he had posted at this office to fight C. A. C. Smith.

MULDOON, the wrestler, is making a harvest of greenbacks at San Francisco by guilting the combing sporting men.

PROF. THE BAUER, the noted wrestler, opened a new sporting house 16 East Seventh street, New York, on July 25.

DONALD DUNNIE has returned to San Francisco after dislocating Clarence Whistler's leg in wrestling match at Kansas City.

ENGLISH sporting men intend to raise a subscription for the family of Captain Matthew Webb, the late famous swimmer.

It is reported that Mike McCoolle, the ex-champion pugilist of America, recently had a turn up with Jack Barry at Memphis, and whipped him after ten minutes hard fighting.

EDWARD SANDFORD and Joseph Smith recently ran one mile at Hall's, N. Y., for \$200. Sandford won by 31 yards in 4:41 1/2.

HARRY WOODSON, the Black Diamond, is eager to fight any pugilist of his weight in America for a purse of \$100 and upward.

A ONE-MILE foot race for \$500, between William Ross and P. J. McIntyre, was decided at Oakland, Cal., recently, and was won by McIntyre.

GUS HILL, the champion club swinger, is eager to find some aspirant eager to try conclusions with him in a match for the championship.

FRED E. DAVIS (Cameron) on July 31 covered the \$25 deposit posted by James Keenan, of Boston, to match an unknown to run 440 yards for \$500 a side.

On Aug. 11, at Syracuse, N. Y., Hail H. Stoddard and Jack B. O'Hara, of Salina, are to fight with gloves according to prize ring rules for \$100 a side.

A SLASHING prize fight was fought recently near London, Eng., in which Smoky Bishop defeated Dick Gasden in eighteen rounds, lasting 50 minutes.

On July 31 Bernard McGuire, James Murray's backer, withdrew the \$250 deposited at this office to match Murray to fight any 125-lb. pugilist in America.

The first tricycle race ever held in America took place July 31, from Sharon to Boston, a distance of 18 miles, and was won by W. Stahl, in 1:33.30 5/8.

In an off-hand wrestling match between Down and Shore, well known wrestlers, at Yeoford, England, Shore slipped and his leg was broken by the fall.

On July 28 J. Terry started to cross the Channel from Dover, Eng., to Calais, France, on a marine tricycle. He started at 9 A. M., and arrived at his destination the same day.

J. R. FERGUSON has patented a new Indian club for athletes. It has a section in the centre, and by putting in weights can be made to weigh from five to twenty-five pounds.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the champion pugilist, opened his new saloon, corner of Kneeland and Washington streets, Boston, on Aug. 8. The place was packed with sporting men.

At Goodwood, England, on Aug. 1, Mr. Gerard's 4-year-old Sweet Bread won the Visitors' Plate handicap. T. W. Walton's aged Satter ran second and James Keane's 3-year-old Bolon was third.

The wrestling match between H. M. Lee and D. M. Fagg, which was to have been decided at Echo Park, Philadelphia, ended in a fizzle. Lee failed to appear and Fagg received the \$150 forfeit.

The sporting house, 270 Bowery, New York, formerly kept by Matt Grace, was on August 2 opened by Mike Chary, the well known pugilist, of Philadelphia. Clearly will henceforth be a New Yorker.

The glass ball shooting match for the championship of the State of Maine between Charles York and Thomas F. Allen, was won by the latter, who broke 37 out of the 40 shot at and won the gold medal.

JOE FOWLER called at the POLICE GAZETTE on July 23, and stated that if Frank White was eager to fight for \$1,000 a side, that he would meet him at any time to arrange the match for that amount and no less.

The three-mile, with a turn, single scull race between Edward Moninger and Martin Foley for \$400 was decided on the lower Monongahela river, at Pittsburgh, July 21. Moninger won by five lengths, in 21m 58s.

Up to the time we went to press Hugh McManus had not covered Jim Fell's deposit, posted at this office, to fight him according to London prize ring rules for \$250 a side. Sporting men of Richfield, Mo., are eager to see the pugilists meet again.

The 220-purse at Cleveland, O., trotting meeting, August 1, was won by Clemmie G., who beat Overman. Billy Patton, Phyllis and Brandy Boy. Clemmie G. won the first heat in 2:19 1/2, second in 2:19 1/2, and fourth in 2:23 1/2. Overman won the third heat in 2:19 1/2.

The London Sporting Life, July 15, says: "George Probert, of Birmingham, will match a man at 8 stone to box any one in England or elsewhere, for £25 or £50 a side, in a month from signing articles. A deposit will meet with prompt attention, as business only is meant."

JOSEPH DENNING, the winner of the second prize in the 15-ball pool tournament at Sandy Spencer's Palace, Bowery, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 1. Denning is an expert pool player and billiardist, and is looking for an opening to take charge of a billiard room.

RICHARD PENNELL, the champion dumbbell lifter of the world, in conjunction with Capt. James Dalton, will organize a combination of athletes and make a tour through Dakota. John Barnes, the famous runner, and Harry Mack, the well known club swinger, will join the party.

At Plymouth, Pa., recently, Andy Hedern and

Jim McCormick had an altercation at a picnic and agreed to settle the matter in accordance with London prize ring rules. The pugilists fought a few days ago, and McCormick won after a short but desperate battle. They fought three rounds, lasting 4m.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a wrestling match at Darlington, Wis., between Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete, and John Carkeek, of Darlington, the champion wrestler of Wisconsin, who recently defeated Evan Lewis, of Montana, in a match for \$500, which he won in 20m.

CHARLES SMITH, the champion butcher, at Chicago, killed and dressed a 1,200-lb. bullock at Cleveland, O., on July 28, in 7m. Smith's feat is nothing extraordinary, for Charles Jayden, at the Bridgeport, N.Y., tournament for the champion belt, May 13, 1883, killed and dressed a bullock in 4m 48s.

GEORGE W. HAMILTON, the champion jumper, is giving exhibitions at L'Anse, Mich. He recently accomplished a wonderful feat. Five chairs were placed in a line, and L. L. Burton, of Chio, Mich., stood upright at the end of the fifth chair. Hamilton then jumped over the chairs and Burton's head.

ABOUT fifty miles from Pittsburg, at Collier Station, recently, there was a desperate dog fight between Charles Casey's white fighting dog "Dick" and Charles Ross's brindled dog "Watch." The dogs fought a fair scratch in turn fight, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$50. Watch won in 21m 58s, and severed an artery in Dick's neck.

C. A. C. SMITH, the colored champion pugilist, will box four three minute rounds with Jack Stewart, the champion of Canada, at Harry Hill's theatre, 25 Houston street, on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 18. Stewart came on all the way from Canada to box Smith, and the rivals met at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 1 and arranged the match.

THE wrestling match at Bridgeport, Conn., between Peter Ward, of Vermont, and sporting John Donovan, was decided at Bridgeport, Conn., on July 30. The conditions were collar-and-elbow, best 1 1/2 to three falls, for \$200. The match was well contested, and Donovan won after an exciting contest. Donovan is mine host of the Brower, at Bridgeport.

THE free-for-all trotting contest at Cleveland, Ohio, on Aug. 1, was won by Fanny Witherspoon, who beat Edwin Thorne, St. Julian and Tricket. Edwin Thorne won the first heat in 2:17 1/2; Fanny Witherspoon won the second and third heats in 2:17 1/2, 2:18 1/2; St. Julian won the fourth heat in 2:19 1/2, and Fanny Witherspoon won the sixth heat and race in 2:23 1/2.

All preparations have been made for the excursion of the William J. Kelly Association to Columbia Grove, at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., on Sunday, Aug. 12, 1883. The boats will leave Dover street (East River) wharf at 9 o'clock in the morning. The committee who have the matter in charge know how to do such things right, and a good time may be depended upon.

CHARLEY NORTON, the lightweight champion pugilist of America, will offer for competition at Shooting Park, South Orange, near Newark, N. J., on Aug. 15, a gold medal representing the featherweight championship of America. The contest will be governed by POLICE GAZETTE rules, and Fowler, McCoy, Wooley, Belgiam, Lyman and numerous others have already entered.

For nearly two months Charley Norton, the boniface of the "Police Gazette" Shades, Newark, has left a deposit at this office to fight any man in America for \$1,000 a side and the lightweight championship. Norton is eager to fight at 133 lbs., which is the limit. He cannot fight at a lower standard, and unless some of the lightweighters agree to give two or three pounds there is little probability of a match.

On July 30 John Curley posted \$25 with Richard K. Fox, and left a challenge on behalf of Jack Boylan, to fight either John Dempsey or John Williams, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$100 to \$500 a side. On Aug. 2 John Shanley, of the Alhambra, Brooklyn, E. D., covered the money on behalf of John Dempsey, and agrees to meet Boylan at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 13 at 2 P. M., to arrange a match for \$50 a side.

SIXTEEN miles from Chicago, on Aug. 1, a crowd of sporting men assembled to witness a prize fight between two ambitious bidders named O'Connor and McGuire. A ring was pitched alongside the track of the Pan Handle railroad, 16 miles from the city. The mill was brought to a sudden termination by O'Connor getting a fall in the first round by which one of his arms was broken. The police pursued the party in patrol wagons, but arrived on the scene after the departure of the contestants and spectators.

It is reported that a prize fight has been arranged between Jack Copeland, of Cleveland, and Jim McVeigh, of Cincinnati. The pugilists have signed articles of agreement to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring, at catch weights, for \$1,000 a side. By the way, Copeland and McVeigh fought with gloves, Queensberry rules, for \$300, at Troy, N. Y., on June 27, 1883. Three rounds were fought. In the third round Copeland landed a heavy blow on McVeigh's chest, and blood spouted from the latter's nose and mouth, and he was knocked out of time.

The following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the past week: Bernard McGuire, James Wakely, Hail H. Stoddard, Ned Mallahan, John Shanley, Los Curtis, George Erb, John Curley, Tom McAlpine, Bob Smith, Jack Keenan, Jim Murray, Wm. Cummings, Gus Hill, Joe Fowler, Tommy Barnes, Alexander Cummings, C. A. C. Smith, C. Williams, John Stack, James Patterson, H. F. Jacoby, Frank Stevenson, George Taylor, Andy Hanley, Harry Jennings, Eddy Keefe, John J. Nolan, Jack Stewart, Prof. Wm. Clark, J. E. Matthews, Eddy Matthews.

At The Allen's American Mabile, on the 30th inst., there was a six-round three-minute glove contest between Bob Mace, of Brooklyn, and Tommy Streets. The latter was to attempt to stop or knock out Mace. In that time, a large number of sporting men assembled to witness the two bantams box, and the majority were confident that Streets would either stop or knock out the Brooklyn pugilist, owing to the fact that he recently defeated Maurice Murphy. Mace, like his great namesake, proved a first class match for Streets, and after a stubborn encounter came nearly knocking Streets out.

We have letters for Andy Hanley, Captain Matthew Webb, Jem Mac, J. D. King, Charles Collins, James Hanlan, E. O. Ball, Maurice Murphy, Chas. Courtney, Frank E. Dobson, Billy Edwards, Wm. Elliott, Geo. Fullames, D. Dick Garvin, E. M. Hackett, Frank Hart, Homer Lane, M. O. Lewis, John Lacey, Wm. C. McClellan, L. E. Myers, (2), Louis Miller, G. W. Moore, Wm. Muldoon, (2), Wm. Madden, (2), Harry Monroe, Frank R. Seton, (2), H. W. Taylor, Mr. Tress, D. F. Twombly, Robert K. Turnbull, M. V. in Blum, Frank White, Ida Wallace, George W. Wintgate and Clarence Whistler.

At the Buffalo, N. Y., Caledonian games Duncan C. Ross put the heavy stone 38 ft 2 in, which beat

his own record. In regard to the putting of the heavy stone a dispute has arisen which has been referred to the North American United Caledonian Society for arbitration. The measurements taken were questioned and with the weight of argument in favor of Ross. After the games Ross and E. W. Johnston gave an exhibition of putting the stone. Duncan C. Ross made 38 ft 3 in; A. Scott, 35 ft 2 in, and E. W. Johnston, 32 ft. In the throwing of the light hammer, Duncan C. Ross made 113 ft 8 in; E. W. Johnston, 90 ft 9 in, and Thomas Shields 96 ft 8 in. A. G. Hodge, of Toronto, was present and in charge of the games.

AFTER Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, posted a deposit with Harry Hill and offered to match Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, to box any man in America four or six rounds, Harry Martin, on behalf of Mike Donovan, posted \$50 with Harry Hill and accepted the challenge. Martin says he wrote of the fact to Chambers and notified him that he would meet Chambers at Harry Hill's on July 30, at eight o'clock, to post \$200 more and arrange the match. Martin was on hand at the place at the time appointed, but Chambers did not come on from the Quaker City. It is our opinion that Chambers does not want his champion to box any one but Sullivan, and if the champion would agree to meet Sheriff, Chambers would lose no time in arranging the match.

THERE was possibly 2,000 people crowded in Market Hall, at St. Paul, Minn., to witness the farcical exhibition given by Paddy Ryan and Capt. J. H. Dalton, and many went home somewhat disappointed, although the heavyweight and lightweight from Chicago left with plenty to jingle when the time comes. The exhibition consisted mainly of sparring by local athletes, and they managed to please the audience, but the announced attraction of a glove contest between Ryan and Dalton was a tame affair. It was lead and counter all the way through, and three rounds were ended before in fact the people had time to know they had commenced. If such exhibitions continue Messrs. Ryan and Dalton will have but little to carry home in the shape of greenbacks.

THE Zoo theatre gave another very fine show last week to good business. The rifle shooting of the POLICE GAZETTE rifle team, Butler and Oakley, discounts anything before seen here. The Buffalo Bill shooting is easily excelled by Miss Oakley, who, with a 22-calibre Stevens rifle, performs such shots as hitting coins, no matter how small, shooting at three swinging balls, breaking them all with one bullet, shooting through the barrel of a pistol, splitting the bullet on a knife, snuffing a lighted candle on each side. Richard K. Fox has presented them with a pair of very fine gold medals and handsome stage settings, valued at \$300. They are the only ones in this line who do no head shooting, which fact alone should secure them good engagements.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

CAPTAIN JAMES DALTON, of Chicago, has issued the following challenge: "I, Capt. James A. Dalton, do hereby challenge Prof. John H. Donaldson, of Minneapolis, Minn., to fight me a square fist fight, bare knuckles, new London prize ring rules to govern, six weeks from signing articles, for \$1,000 a side, fight to take place within 100 miles of Minneapolis; or if it suits him better, to a hard glove fight for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side (Marquis of Queensberry rules), in proof of which my backer has this day deposited the sum of \$100 in the hands of Mr. Jule Meyer, to show that we mean business. The final stakeholder to be mutually agreed upon." We suppose that this deal will result in Dalton and Donaldson boxing with gloves and splitting up the gate money.

AT Harry Hill's theatre on July 31, a large crowd of sporting men assembled to witness the posting of the final deposit of \$1,500 a side in the prize fight between Herbert A. Slade, of New Zealand, and Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, who are to fight for \$5,000 next month. Mitchell's money was posted some time ago, but as the principals had to toss for choice of fighting ground, it was necessary that they or their representatives should be present. Jim Mace represented Slade, and Mr. Ross, a warm supporter of Mitchell, represented the English champion. After Mace had deposited \$1,500 with Harry Hill, making the total stakes \$5,000, the fighting ground was tossed for. Mitchell's representative won the toss, and decided, according to instructions received from Billy Madden, that the fight should take place within 200 miles of Omaha. Everything connected with the match is now settled upon, and after five weeks' training the pugilists will meet in the arena and settle the question of supremacy, and may the best man win is the wish of the POLICE GAZETTE and all fair minded sporting men.

THE single scull race, three miles with a turn, at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., on Aug. 2, attracted a large crowd. The following oarsmen competed for the prizes: Hanlan, Lee, Plaisted, Hosmer, Riley and Teemer. The race was rowed in heats; on Aug. 2, two heats were rowed, and Teemer, Lee and Plaisted rowed in the first heat, which was won by Teemer, the Pittsburgh oarsman, in 21m 50s, and Lee second in 21m 58 1/2s. Plaisted did not turn the stakes. Hanlan, Hosmer and Riley were placed for the second heat, and the start was made at 5:12 P. M., the wind and water being about the same as at the first. Hanlan pulled away easily, closely followed by Hosmer and Riley. At the stake Hanlan intentionally fooled away several seconds, until Hosmer caught up, when as pretty a race as was ever seen was rowed to the starting point. Hosmer crowding the champion closely to the finish. Hanlan won in 21m 38 1/2s, Hosmer being second, in 22m; Riley did not finish. The decisive heat was rowed and easily won by Hanlan, Hosmer second, Teemer third. In the Consolidation race Plaisted and Riley were the only starters. The former won by a length and a half.

IMPORTANT to amateur oarsmen.—In order to promote amateur rowing, Richard K. Fox has decided to hold a grand race open to all amateur oarsmen in America. The affair will be known as the POLICE GAZETTE single scull race for the amateur championship of America, for which Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, will offer a cup valued at \$250, emblematic of the amateur sculling championship of the world. To be rowed for annually on the Harlem river. The person winning the cup three times to become the owner thereof. The races for the above trophy will be rowed during the month of September in each year, the date and time to be designated by Mr. Richard K. Fox. This competition is open to all members of recognized amateur rowing associations of the world. The first of this series of races will take place on the Harlem river, on the 8th day of September, 1883. The races will be governed by the following conditions: 1—The distance will be two miles, one mile and return. 2—All entries must be made on or before Sept. 1, to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York, or to James Pilkington, Golden Oak, No. 276 Third avenue. 3—An entrance fee of five dollars (\$5) must accompany each entry, which will be returned to those starting. 4—The race will be rowed under the management of Richard K. Fox, who will also decide any questions or disputes that may arise. 5—All judges, referees and timekeepers shall be selected by Richard K. Fox. 6—All contests for the

POLICE GAZETTE championship trophy shall be governed by the rules of the National Amateur Rowing Association. 7—For any further information regarding the race, address James Pilkington, Golden Oak, 276 Third avenue, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has found an unknown and first class pugilist, who is just as eager to fight as cat providing there is money in it. He has every qualification necessary to make a champion. He stands 5 feet 11 1/2 inches in height, and in condition weighs 195 pounds; is 25 years of age, has a stout neck, which is set firmly on a broad pair of shoulders; well made loins; long, strong arms; a muscular pair of legs, and a formidable set of mawleys, which resemble a set of trip hammers. The Unknown is eager to fight any man in the world. He has fought 26 rough and tumble fights, followed the canal and towing business all his life, and fought one battle in the prize ring, which he won. He is particularly anxious to meet John L. Sullivan for \$1,000 to \$5,000, and wants Mr. Fox to back him. Mr. Fox is willing to do so, but, taught by past experience, not before the Unknown meets the champion in a four three-minute round glove contest and proves his ability to stand the sledge hammer blows of the Boston boy.

The new candidate for fistie honors has issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Aug. 1, 1883.  
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
SIR—I hereby challenge John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of America, to box me four three-minute rounds, the contest to take place at Madison Square Garden any time before four weeks. Knowing that the champion has a standing offer to meet all comers in a four three-minute rounds glove contest, I hope he will avail himself of this opportunity to try his wonderful hitting powers on me. If I succeed in facing Sullivan four rounds, Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, promises to match me to fight any man in the world for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side. I acknowledge Sullivan is the champion, but I think I am his superior at either boxing or fighting. Hoping that he will give this his earliest attention, I am, at present,  
RICHARD K. FOX'S UNKNOWN.

A LARGE number of sporting men met on July 30 at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange for a fight between Jim Murray and Frank Stevenson's Unknown, according to the rules of the London prize ring, at 125 pounds, for \$2,000. Each of the backers of the pugilists had posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and had agreed to meet to sign articles of agreement. Murray and his backer were on hand at the appointed time, and Frank Stevenson, of the "America," with a delegation of sporting men, among who were Young Murphy, Dan Doherty, Joe Gafney, of Trenton; Eddy Keefe, of Philadelphia; Jack Keenan, of Philadelphia (the Unknown); Capt. Tuttle, Gus Tuttle, Jimmy Gallagher, Jack Boylan, Tom McAlpine, George Taylor, Tommy Barnes, Martin (better known as Fiddler Neary), Andy Hanley, Jimmy Patterson, Johnny Stack, H. F. Jacoby, E. F. Mallahan, C. A. C. Smith, Hail H. Stoddard, Gus Hill, Billy O'Brien, Joe Fowler, Larry McCarthy and Bernard McGuire. Stevenson opened the ball by stating that he was on hand ready with his man and money. Barney McGuire, Murray's backer, said he was ready to arrange a match but the fight must take place in a room in New York. Stevenson objected on the grounds that every one knew that it was next to impossible to bring off a "mill" of such importance in New York without the authorities stopping it, and McGuire said he would not arrange a match any other way. "We will toss up for the fighting ground," said Stevenson. "No," said McGuire, "we will make the match for \$1,000 and fight in a room." The Keenan party would not listen to such a proposition, and after over one hour spent in wrangling no match was made. It always requires two to arrange a match, and as neither side could come to any agreement, it is doubtful if any fight will be arranged unless Keenan and his backers will agree to Mr. McGuire's terms. If the mill takes place in a room there will only be a limited number present, the men will wear kid gloves, and the best man will win. Murray is confident he can whip Keenan, while Frank Stevenson is still perfectly willing to risk his money on the Philadelphian.

HANLAN and Courtney had a wrangle recently at Ogdensburg, N. Y., when the champion offered to row the Union Springs oarsman on any course he might name, and bet \$5,000 to \$4,000 that he could beat him rowing either three or five miles. We expected after the great showing up Courtney received that he would have mustered up pluck enough to agree to row Hanlan, but he lacked the nerve to do so. At the same time Hanlan offered to name six oarsmen that could defeat Courtney, and agreed to find the stakes for them. Courtney failed to make Hanlan swallow his words by putting up a deposit to row him, but he authorized his backer, John Cree, to accept the other challenges, and Cree posted \$1,500, being a deposit of \$250 for six matches, to row any of the oarsmen Hanlan may select, with the following challenge:

"New York, July 30, 1883.  
"SIR—On the occasion of the recent boat race between Edward Hanlan and Wallace Ross, Charles E. Courtney and myself visited Ogdensburg in company. While there we chanced to meet Hanlan, and in the course of the interview which ensued the latter stated that there were half a dozen scullers in this country who could defeat Courtney, adding that he would furnish the stakes for them. The parties named by Hanlan were Wallace Ross, George Hosmer, George W. Lee, P. H. Conley, Al. Hamm and J. H. Gaudaur. I now propose to take Hanlan at his word, and hereby announce that Courtney stands ready to make a match with each of the parties mentioned (or any six whom Hanlan may choose to name), simply stipulating that all six matches shall be made at the same time. Each match to be for \$1,000 a side, and the distance, time and place of rowing to be agreed upon mutually at a meeting to be held at the POLICE GAZETTE office at such time as Hanlan may choose to designate. Hanlan may rest assured that I shall not offer any trivial objections, nor throw any obstacles in the way of arriving at an agreement on all points, and if he is willing to make good his word little difficulty need be experienced in reaching a satisfactory settlement. I have deposited the sum of \$1,500, being \$250 on account of each of the six matches which Courtney desires to make, hoping that Hanlan will promptly cover this money and appoint a date upon which to meet at your office for the purpose of signing articles. Should Mr. Hanlan decline to make these matches, Mr. Courtney will row a match race with George W. Lee for \$1,000 a side, and I will meet Mr. Lee or his representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office at such time as he may appoint to arrange terms. J. C."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.  
Dr. Jos. Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."



In a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE in chronicling the wrestling match for the championship of England, Devon and Cornwall style, between Sam Rundle and James Gerry, we were led into error by an extract from the *Sporting Life* of London. The report stated that Gerry had defeated all the best men in England. Messrs. James Bennett, Philip Lewis and John Carkeek write, desiring through the POLICE GAZETTE to contradict the *Sporting Life* report. They claim that Gerry was defeated by John Carkeek, Sept. 18, 1880, in N. Y.; again on Sept. 16, 1881, he was defeated by Carkeek. Gerry was also defeated by John Kellard who in turn was thrown by Carlyon, two weeks after Gerry was thrown, two falls in 15m, by Pete Carlyon, for the first prize and champion belt of Lake Superior, Carkeek being unable to attend on account of severe illness. Carkeek challenged Gerry for \$100 and gave money in Ishpenning, and he refused to wrestle.

JAMES CARNEY, the noted English pugilist, is now boniface of the "Highland Laddie" Tower street, Birmingham. In regard to his recent turn-up with Alf Greenfield, Carney writes to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows:

"BIRMINGHAM, Eng., July 21, 1883.  
"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
"SIR—It having come to my notice that there has been a report published in your valuable paper concerning a turn-up between Alf Greenfield and myself—it was reported Greenfield had beaten me—I wish to state that Alf Greenfield and myself had a turn-up in a bar-room in Birmingham. We fought four rounds, and I had decidedly the best of it and threw him every round, and would have beaten him if the crowd had not separated us. I afterwards challenged Greenfield to fight me for £100, and even offered to bet him £100 that he could not whip me in 30 minutes, but although his weight exceeds mine by 23 lbs he refused to arrange a match. I am always ready to fight any man in the world at my weight. Hoping you will publish this and give me fair play, I am yours truly,  
"JAMES CARNEY"

Carney is the pugilist that came to this country two years ago with Johnny Walten, Charley Hipkiss and Sam Breeze, and boxed at O'way Geoghegan's in the Bowers, New York. After he returned to England he fought Jimmy Highland, who died from the effects of the punishment he had received.

#### A CARD FROM GENERALS BEAUREGARD AND EARLY.

A publication headed, "Are the Louisiana Lottery drawings fair?" which originally appeared in several Northern and Western papers as an advertisement, but which is now published as a book, has been put into a number of other papers, doubtless as an advertisement also. The charges, insinuations and innuendoes contained in said publication are false in every respect, so far as they affect the fairness of the drawings of the Louisiana Lottery, or the integrity of the acts of the Lottery Company. When the undersigned had charge only of the semi-annual drawings, they counted the tubes containing the numbers present to each of those drawings, to be certain that all were put in the wheel. Since they have had charge of the monthly drawings also, the wheel has been under their exclusive control, and after each drawing they have restored all the drawn numbers to the wheel, locked it, and sealed it in such manner as to render it impossible for the public to tamper with or interfere with without their knowledge. They have thus been always certain that all the numbers were in the wheel at each drawing, and they alone are responsible for the integrity of the drawings. The suggestion that each ticket holder, on the day of an individual drawing, should be allowed to call out his number and see if it is in the wheel, is too absurd to deserve any one who ever witnessed a single number drawing in any lottery company which resorts to any such trick proves itself to be a fraud.

The intimation that persons have been paid to allow their names to be published as the winners of prizes in this Lottery is also false and without the slightest foundation in fact. Millions of dollars have been paid out by the Lottery in prize money, and the names of the winners, as can be ascertained from the bank officers in New Orleans and the Express Agents in New York, Washington City and in this city, as well as from the winners of the prizes, whose names have been given to the public.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,  
J. A. EARLY,  
Commissaries.

NEW ORLEANS, July 12th, 1883.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.  
The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men, young or old, who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

FOR THICK HEADS.  
Heavy stomachs, biliousness, flatulency, Wells' May Apple Pills—anti-bilious, cathartic. 10 and 25c.

#### SKIN BEAUTIFIER.

To keep the pores open, the oil glands in the skin active, and thus furnish an outlet for impurities in the perspiration and blood which cause humors, pimples, blackheads and minor skin blemishes to develop, which in turn beautify the skin, remove tan, freckles, sunburn and oily matter; to keep the skin soft, white and free from chaps and roughness, prevent contagious skin and scalp diseases, and to provide an exquisite skin beauty and toilet by an invigorating and refreshing skin beautifier, use the Florida Water. Indorsed by physicians and chemists as absolutely pure and highly medicinal. Sales 1,81 and 1832, 1,000,000 cakes.

#### SPORTING RESORTS.

**Thomas Kearns.** The turfite and horseman's popular eatery at the famous Roadhouse and well fitted up Sporting Hotel, for the New York, N. Y. corner of 132d street and 17th avenue, N. Y. The best wines, liquors and cigars, Oriole whiskey and Parry & Nicholson Club brandy a specialty. Every accommodation for sporting men, and all the sporting papers on file.

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**The Champion's Rest.** 922 Ridge Ave., near Wood street Philadelphia. Arthur Chambers, retired light-weight champion pugilist of the world, proprietor—is the leading sporting house in Philadelphia. All the famous pugilists appear every Saturday night, and guests provided with the best wines, liquors and cigars. Admit none free.

**Captain James C. Daly, the Irish Champion.** Athlete's "Police Gazette" Sporting Hall, 255 Avenue A, between 18th and 19th streets. Boxing and wrestling every night by champions of the world. Daily is always ready and on hand to box and wrestle all comers.

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**Hurry Hill's Great Sporting Variety Theatre.** 28 East Houston st., New York. Variety and boxing performance every evening. Sacred concert every Sunday night.

**Jem Coyne's Sporting House.** "The Office," cor. Hamilton and Columbia sts., Newark, N. J.

#### RAILROAD EMPLOYEES.

The leading business men of Providence, R. I., compose the Hunt's R. M. Co., and they guarantee all testimonials published by them to be genuine. The following, dated May 4, 1883, from Mr. W. H. Blanchard, Lowell, Mass., is but one of the thousand remarkable cures that are being made by this wonderful medicine. Mr. Blanchard says: "I have been greatly troubled for over six years with acute kidney disease, with severe pain in my back and hips. I was formerly employed on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, but was obliged, owing to the constant jar, to give up the railroad business, as many others have been obliged to do, on account of kidney disease. I have tried many medicines, but received no permanent relief. A friend recommended me to use Hunt's Remedy. I purchased a bottle of one of our druggists in Lowell, and commenced to improve at once, and after using two bottles I was entirely free from a pain, an intense erythema, and I cheerfully recommend this wonderful medicine, Hunt's Remedy, to all the sufferers from kidney and liver disease."

#### BLACKSMITHING TROUBLES.

Having had occasion to use a remedy for kidney troubles, I noticed an advertisement in one of the papers of the remarkable cures that Hunt's Remedy had made all over the country. I purchased a bottle at one of our druggists here in Manchester, and after using it for short time found that it was helping me wonderfully, and one bottle has cured me completely—have no indigestion, and an hearty and healthy for one of my years (55), and can truly say that Hunt's Remedy is a medicine that has real merit, and I do not hesitate to recommend it to the public in general.  
J. F. WOODBURY,  
May 7, 1883. 56 Manchester St., Manchester, N. H.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS.

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The POLICE GAZETTE has now a guaranteed circulation of 200,000 copies each issue. This circulation embraces fully a million and a half of readers, about one-third of the whole population of the United States, making it the best advertising medium in America. Our Advertising Rates, on and after April 1st, will be: Ordinary Advertisements \$1.50 net, Agate measure cut, per line. Reading Notices \$2.50 per line.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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**Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures.** For Charles MacCall, the champion pugilist of England will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 28 Bowry, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

**Notice.—Lost on July 18, at Boat Race** at Ogdensburg, N. Y., a Gold Watch, 1 K. plain box with a picture of a man on the back, 1882. Move to any A. M. Watch Co., 115 N. 4th St., New York, N. Y. 134942. If returned to Messrs. Scammon & McClear, Ogdensburg, N. Y., a liberal reward will be paid and no questions asked.

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